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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THIS has been a bad week for the opponents of Home Rule. In the Carlow election they have seen a crushing defeat inflicted upon MR. PARNELL, whom they now regard in the light of an ally. MR. HAMMOND, the candidate of the Nationalist party, was returned by the overwhelming majority of 2,216 votes over the Parnellite. Nor is this great victory for Home Rule the only event calculated to discourage the opponents of the cause which has happened during the week. We have referred elsewhere to the controversy between MR. CHAMBERLAIN and SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT which has been carried on in the columns of the *Times* during the week. It has reference to MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S negotiations with MR. PARNELL in the summer of 1885—that is to say, at the time when he was seeking to oust MR. GLADSTONE from the leadership of the Liberal party, and to establish himself in his place. Alike from the admissions of MR. CHAMBERLAIN and the revelations of SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, it seems clear that at that time—that is, before the General Election of 1885—the Member for Birmingham did contemplate bringing forward a Home Rule scheme of his own, for which he had secured the support of MR. PARNELL. His failure to take this course was occasioned by the withdrawal of MR. PARNELL, who, having entered into an alliance with the Tory party, believed for the moment that he had more to gain from LORD SALISBURY than from any Liberal. It seems to us that the time is come when the country should be informed of the whole truth regarding the intrigues of 1885. There are those who can reveal that truth, and they ought to speak out. Tories and Liberal Unionists would then learn in what a fool's paradise they have been dwelling, so far as their faith in the sincerity of their leaders is concerned.

THE visit of the German Emperor to England has so far been carried out with complete success. His reception at Windsor has been accompanied by all the prescribed formalities due on the occasion of a visit from so high a potentate; but beneath the somewhat wearisome ceremonial of the Court there has been visible a real undercurrent of affection and goodwill, showing that the Queen has been receiving not merely the German Emperor but her own grandson. In London his presence has excited comparatively little enthusiasm, but a great deal of interest and curiosity. Everybody has been anxious to see for himself the young man who has already made so great a mark for himself in the world, and whose personal characteristics are so well calculated to stimulate popular interest in his movements. The impression he has made upon those who have been brought in contact with him has been distinctly favourable. His amiability is clearly apparent; and though it is accompanied by an extraordinary regard for the niceties of an etiquette with which middle-class people can have little sympathy, it may still be regarded as a dominant feature of his character. His restlessness has so far been subdued during his sojourn among us, but, on the other hand, we have had no proof of the great ability with which he is credited by his admirers.

THE visit has evidently excited some uneasiness both in Paris and at St. Petersburg. The fact that it takes place at a moment when the English Government admit the existence of an arrangement between this country and Italy for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, and when special marks of attention are being shown by the King of Italy to the representatives of our navy at Venice, has done much to engender the belief abroad that this country has been informally admitted to the Triple Alliance. Our foreign critics will, we trust, recall the fact—never lost sight of by PRINCE BISMARCK, and rendered even more palpable by the debate in the House of Commons on Thursday—that alliances of this description are not open to England, and that any Continental Power which relies upon engagements with English Ministers may find that it has been leaning on a broken reed. The foreign policy of England ought to be honest, straightforward, and simple in its character, with no after-thoughts, and no suspicion of intrigue against other Powers. In such a policy as this any Government is certain of having the support of the British people; but it is mere midsummer madness to suppose that the House of Commons will allow this country to be involved in engagements with foreign Powers of which nobody knows anything save the Ministers who carry on the negotiations which result in them. No treaty or engagement is valid in England until the English people have assented to it.

THE Free Education Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons on Wednesday. From the Liberal—and, we may add, from the educational—point of view, the denunciations of those excellent Tories, MR. G. C. BARTLEY and MR. JAMES LOWTHER, are even better testimony to its value than the approval—more or less qualified, of course—expressed by MR. ROBY, MR. BRYCE, MR. BRUNNER, and MR. BROADHURST. MR. BARTLEY regarded it as the wooden horse which MR. CHAMBERLAIN as SINON has introduced into the Tory Troy, and reminded the House that half the Conservative members were absent at its second reading; while MR. LOWTHER said some scathing things about MR. GOSCHEN'S surplus, and declared that Free Education would permanently add a penny to the Income Tax. The Bill, as MR. BRYCE suggested, may very likely intensify the grievances of Nonconformists by converting schools supported by subscriptions into State-supported schools without popular control. So much the better for popular control eventually, and for popular education, too. The Bill has passed, amid general and well-deserved congratulations to SIR WILLIAM HART-DYKE for the tact and temper he has shown in his conduct of it. It is only necessary to say that whilst the Liberal party accepts it in principle, it will seize the first opportunity of amending it on the lines indicated in the debates in Committee.

WE ought to have a fair prospect of success in the Wisbech division of Cambridgeshire, whose Conservative member, CAPTAIN SELWYN, has just been compelled to resign by ill-health. True, his majority in 1886 was 1,087 on a poll of about 7,200; but this was largely due to Liberal abstentions. The Liberal majority in 1885 was 327. The Liberal

candidate, MR. BRAND, son of LORD HAMPDEN, has been some time before the electors, and is very popular in the constituency; and the Conservative, MR. DUNCAN, of Leeds, is, at any rate, an outsider. Moreover, eastern England, or at least its agricultural population, is intensely Liberal, and the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire, rendered memorable by MR. HALLEY STEWART'S great victory in 1887, adjoins this constituency; while Stamford—where the outvoters alone prevented a Liberal victory last year—is not far off.

ON Monday the Government and Parliament again took the opportunity of overriding the wishes of the London County Council. The date of the election of the County Councils generally has been altered from November to March. The days are longer, the weather is better, there will be no clashing with School Board elections, and the new registers will be in force. In the case of the London County Council, however, these reasons are overborne by the facts that there will be no time for the new Council to prepare the estimate for the current year, and that the Bills before Parliament will be those initiated by its predecessor. If a reactionary Council is returned, estimates will be cut down recklessly, and without any adequate discussion: and if the rates increase before March, the Conservatives seem to expect a reactionary majority—though, as MR. HENRY FOWLER pointed out, the cry of low rates is not a popular one. Much was made of a certain "Progressist Caucus" which had induced certain members of the Council to change their minds as to the postponement; and of course if a "caucus" has met, that is quite enough to induce the Tory party to annul its supposed decrees. But, in answer to a challenge by MR. BARTLEY, SIR THOMAS FARRER has now declared the story to be a pure invention.

THE death of MR. WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE, which took place on Saturday morning last, somewhat unexpectedly, has necessarily been a severe blow to his parents, and has intensified the anxiety which has been felt for some time past regarding the health of MR. GLADSTONE. We are glad to know that the Liberal leader, though feeling deeply the loss of his eldest son, has not suffered in health from the shock he has received. It is still, we believe, his wish to take some part in the work of the Session now drawing to a close; but his medical adviser and his family are naturally unwilling that he should do so. Widespread and genuine sympathy has been expressed with MR. and MRS. GLADSTONE in the loss of a son whose personal character and fine qualities endeared him to all who knew him.

THE exact cause of the terrible accident on board H.M.S. *Cordelia*, by which six officers and men have lost their lives, and twelve have been injured, will probably never be ascertained. The one thing beyond question is that the design of the gun is obviously faulty. The original six-inch gun was designed by SIR W. ARMSTRONG & Co., but was quickly superseded by another emanating from Woolwich, which thus became known as Mark II. This gun is built up in two parts, a steel tube running throughout its length and a single wrought-iron coil surrounding the breech only. Two things result from this combination. In the first place, the safety of the gun depends entirely upon a single steel tube; in the second place, an abrupt change of physical conditions occurs where the coil ends, which is evidently unfavourable to strength. The latter feature occurred in the design of the *Collingwood* gun (which blew off its forward portion in 1886), and was subsequently remedied by the operation known as "chase-hooping." The manufacture of the Mark II. six-inch gun has long been discontinued, and in the later designs, which have given no signs

of weakness, the objectionable features have disappeared. The facts remain, however, that, as stated by the First Lord of the Admiralty, eighty-seven guns of an originally faulty design were passed into the service; that—as he did not state—two such guns have previously burst; and that only a portion of these guns have been strengthened since by hoops.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday made no change in their rate of discount, for the opinion is growing that the fall in the value of money has been carried too far. The rate of discount in the open market is only about 1 per cent., and the rate of interest for short loans only $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. But bankers are allowing 1 per cent. on deposits; that is to say, they are receiving less than they pay for the money deposited with them. They are hardly likely to go on doing so. For the moment, however, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market is so large that it is difficult to raise rates. During the week ended Wednesday night a million and a quarter sterling in gold was sent to Russia, yet from other quarters nearly half a million sterling was received, and more gold is still to come. Besides, it is believed now that Russia will take less gold than previously had been intended, for, as far as can be made out from the conflicting reports, the Russian harvest will prove very bad, and Russia therefore, instead of being able to increase the large balances it has with bankers abroad, will have to draw upon its present balances to pay the interest on its debt and to meet its other engagements. In the Silver Market speculation has been less active this week, and the price has declined to 46d. per ounce. Yet those who are interested hold to the belief that there will be a considerable advance before long, partly because the new Spanish Banking Act will require the Bank of Spain to buy a large amount of silver, and partly because there is evidently a growing speculation in the metal in the United States. Possibly the expectation may be fulfilled if the Money Market continues easy, but the present is not a favourable time for large speculative operations.

THE great ease in the Money Market is at last somewhat reviving business on the Stock Exchange. Consols, colonial stocks, railway debenture stocks, and other high-class investment securities have all risen, and there is a decidedly better feeling in the markets in consequence. Yet the general public is still holding aloof, and for some time to come it is hardly likely that there will be much active business. Of course, the great cheapness of money is favourable to speculation, but then nobody knows how long it will continue. Though the Bank rate is now only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., an accident may happen at any moment to send it up to 5 per cent. again. Speculators, therefore, are afraid to engage in new risks, and while the Money Market continues uncertain, distrust remains, and difficulties abroad are apprehended, investment upon a large scale is not probable. The condition of Portugal still inspires much apprehension; and if the crisis grows worse, there will probably be trouble in Paris. In Berlin, mining, bank, and other industrial shares have been falling ruinously for months, and quite recently the fall has become very serious. Trade all over Germany is declining: and if there should be an increase of political apprehension, or a crisis anywhere, a panic in Berlin does not seem improbable. In South America matters are growing from bad to worse. The Chilean Civil War shows no signs of ending, the crisis in the Argentine Republic is deepening, and in Brazil speculation is utterly wild. The one hope is that the splendid harvest in the United States may so increase American prosperity that business there will revive and will inspire confidence in other countries.

WILLIAM THE UNRESTFUL.

NO moment could be more opportune than the present for a review of the character and career of the German Emperor. It is fortunate, therefore, that Mr. Harold Frederic has just presented English readers with the able and entertaining book published a few days ago by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The distinctive merit of the work lies in the fact that Mr. Frederic supplies us with a logical and plausible theory to which we can refer every event in his otherwise bewildering narrative. For him the story of the Kaiser's evolution from the cub to the angel is the narrative of a duel between the Iron Chancellor and Dr. Hinzpeter, the humble pedagogue, whom Frederick and his wife, at the suggestion of Sir Robert Morier, chose as the first director of their son's education. Hinzpeter, who after being ruthlessly thrust back into obscurity fourteen years ago, in order that Wilhelm might be impregnated with militarism, has now been recalled to the Palace. By the worshippers of the Eternal Feminine, Mr. Harold Frederic's theory will be rejected as inadequate, because it lacks the *frou-frou* of the petticoat. To them the facts of the story cannot present themselves as aught else than a fresh record of the eternal verity with which the first chapters of Genesis are concerned, the contest between the Woman and the Serpent—the Woman finally overcoming the Serpent not in her own person, but through her son—that son whom the Serpent had used in the blackest hour of her fate as the instrument of her torment. Unhappily for the worshippers of the Eternal Feminine, there is just as much—nay, better—ground for arguing that the Myth is concerned with an intrigue in which a couple of worthy German bureaucrats were jockeyed out of office by the fussy ill-will of an English diplomat, who was fonder of minding anybody's business than his own. The Bismarcks themselves were never at a loss to say who was their arch-enemy in Europe, and whence it was that danger threatened their dynasty. Time and again the father indicated that if ever he fell, Sir Robert Morier would be the author of his ruin. And thus it has been. There is hardly one Englishman in a hundred thousand who would recognise Sir Robert Morier if he met him in the street; and yet at this moment no other man wields so wide-reaching an influence on the affairs of the Eastern hemisphere. His personal influence is still potent in the Iberian peninsula, and to that is due the fact that the Lusitanian statesmen have been restrained through long months of national humiliation from resorting to the counsels of despair. The Czar of Russia, to whom he is accredited, he holds in the hollow of his hand. The fact that he persuaded the Czar to sanction the risky project of the Czarewitch's Indian tour gives some measure of his influence at St. Petersburg. Through his creature Hinzpeter he controls the thoughts and actions of the mighty War-Lord who directs the triple alliance. Even at Paris he is not *persona ingrata*; and through his henchman de Blowitz he possesses the ear of all those men throughout the world who search for political inspiration in page 5 of the *Times*. All this is very irregular and reprehensible. An Envoy should not seek to influence the politics of a country even when he resides there—much less should he continue his interference years after he has been accredited elsewhere. The odd thing about it all is that Sir Robert Morier seems rather to flourish on his imprudences. He has risen triumphant from post to post without a break or a rebuke. He lords it over the Foreign Office clerks as securely as if they were so many

crowned heads or Prime Ministers. In the Chancellor's palmiest days Bismarck was never able to inflict upon him the most temporary check. To-day he survives, and Bismarck is in loneliness and disgrace. It is magnificent; but it is not diplomacy.

In his narration of the Kaiser's youth and early manhood Mr. Harold Frederic seems to strike a false note by endeavouring to heighten unduly the domestic tragedy which was involved in the sharp divergence of political sentiment between Wilhelm and his parents. It is the law of Nature that all heirs should be in opposition to those who stand before them in the succession. At Marlborough House itself, the Balfourian *régime* is not thought a divinely appointed thing. In private life we are all familiar with the young lady who poses as a martyr because her parents are Gladstonians. Until Frederick's fatal illness, differences of political opinion did nothing to lessen in Wilhelm the ordinary affection of a child for his parents. When the crisis came, his conduct, indeed, appeared to be unnatural. But we should "very much like to hear what the mad dog has to say about it," as Dr. Johnson observed to the man who complained of having been bitten by an animal suffering from *rabies*. We strongly incline to the opinion that it was only with his mother and her English advisers that the young man was angry, and that the cause of his anger was anxiety for his father's life, rather than chagrin at his father's unwillingness to abdicate in his favour, which is, or was, the English journalist's pet theory of his behaviour. In the painful Mackenzie controversy Mr. Harold Frederic professes to stand neutral, and confine himself to a dry narration of facts. But the friends of Sir Morell Mackenzie may be pardoned if they say that they would prefer the argument of an average enemy to the mere statement of our author. To the egregiously silly, offensive, and ignorant partisanship of the English lay press he rightly shows no mercy. When every dispensary doctor in the three kingdoms was absolutely convinced that Virchow's report—although not using the word—disclosed the presence of cancer, and was written by a man who knew that a cancerous growth was before him, our English scribes set up a joyous shout, appealing to this very report as justification for the conceited malignity of their attacks upon the German faculty and German public men. If Germany had continued to thwart and counterwork us for fifty years in every quarter of the globe it would not have been more than our tomfoolery had deserved.

The personal impression which one derives from Mr. Harold Frederic's book is that the young gentleman who is its hero has a great store of practical ability, a greater store of moral energy, and a still greater store of emotional goodness. He is not afraid to be ridiculous if in no other way he can explain to his people how his conscience is leading him for their good. Unfortunately the young gentleman is flighty at times, and much of his future usefulness will depend upon the stability of his physical health, especially in the cerebral region. Granted the continuance of health, we have no fear that he will recoil from the path of mediæval collectivism along which he would lead his people to good conduct and content. If he talks socialism in the rough accents of the provost-marshal, we should remember that Demos rather likes to be kicked if the kick is from the boot of a friend. To many English Liberals, indeed, it may seem radically impossible that the chief of an aristocracy should be the true friend of the working-classes. But the Liberals make the mistake of judging other aristocracies by our own. The English aristocracy has ceased to respect or believe in itself. It is in pawn to the City;

and whatever influence remains to it in politics is used in behalf of capital. On the other hand, the Prussian *Junkers*, of whom the Kaiser is chief, form a veritable aristocracy—an aristocracy, to use the words of Lord George Bentinck, “proud in the chastity of its honour”—an aristocracy which possesses sufficient self-control to have remained independent of Finance—an aristocracy which has known how to endure poverty where poverty could not be avoided save at the cost of dishonour. Such an aristocracy stands wholly outside the industrial struggle of modern civilisation. In so far as it is prejudiced, it is prejudiced against the vulgar rich, and in favour of the workers whom it has commanded in the field and whose children it will command hereafter. For this reason among others, it is not impossible that the young man who has been gazed at with curiosity rather than with enthusiasm in the streets of London during the present week, may be destined to give the kingly office a new sphere of work, to invest it with new dignity, and to surround it with new safeguards.

CARLOW.

THE Carlow Election and the crushing defeat which it has inflicted upon Mr. Parnell in a constituency in which, if anywhere in Ireland, he might have hoped for victory, bring us face to face with a new phase of the Irish Question. No one can now doubt the fact that the Member for Cork is hopelessly beaten in his battle with the National Party. He himself must be as fully aware of the fact as anyone else can be. Nor is he likely to forget that in a few weeks the cause of his opponents will receive a new and formidable addition of strength. The iniquitous imprisonment of Mr. Dillon and Mr. William O'Brien, after a farcical trial before two of Mr. Balfour's most notorious removables, will shortly come to an end, and these two distinguished men will again be able to take their place in public life and to carry on the war against Dublin Castle and its myrmidons. There is no mystery as to the side on which they will range themselves in the Irish Party. They will be found in their proper place at the head of the section of the party which has refused to sacrifice the aspirations of a nation to the vindictive passions of an individual. And with them will be found, with hardly an exception, all those who represent the best side in Irish public life. Mr. Parnell still has with him a few men whose sense of personal loyalty to an old leader has survived even the revelation of that leader's treachery; he has with him also those turbulent and dangerous classes in Ireland who have at all times been the worst enemies of the Irish cause. Besides these he can count on the sympathy, more or less openly displayed, of the present Government and its supporters, of the Orangemen of Ulster, of a large section of the Liberal Unionists, of all, in fact, who wish to see the Home Rule cause destroyed. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the extreme significance of this fact. By stress of an evil fate and by his own errors and misdeeds the man who was so long the champion and representative of the Home Rule cause now finds himself in alliance with the enemies of that cause, who cheer him on as they see him striving to do their work.

In opposition to the loud-mouthed opponents of Home Rule, we have held from the first that the manner in which the majority of the Irish Parliamentary party, and, as we now know, the majority of the Irish people also, have shown their independence of Mr. Parnell, and their determination to remain

true to their policy and to their alliance with the English Liberals, has afforded splendid testimony to their fitness for that self-government which is still denied to them. Strong as were the arguments in favour of Home Rule last November, on the eve of Mr. Parnell's appearance in the Divorce Court, they are infinitely stronger now, by reason of the test which has since been applied triumphantly to the good faith of the Irish Home Rule party. That party has passed through a crisis more terrible than anyone could possibly have foreseen twelve months ago. Last July nearly everybody believed that Mr. Parnell was indispensable to Ireland, and that without him the Home Rule movement would fall to pieces. Mr. Parnell since then has done his best to shipwreck his old party and its cause, and has done it in vain. The bitter taunts which for months past have been so freely launched against Home Rulers and their English allies, founded upon the dissensions in the Irish party, now recoil upon the heads of their authors, whom alone they can hurt. In these circumstances English Home Rulers may well look with great hopefulness upon the present position of the cause for which they have done and endured so much. Tame as the closing weeks of the Session are, their tameness being only diversified by the wail of English Tories over the passage of the Free Education Bill, there is nothing in the political atmosphere at the present moment to discredit the forecast we made some weeks ago as to the course of events. Whenever the General Election takes place it will turn chiefly upon the question of Home Rule, and the issue is no more in doubt now than it was in the early autumn of last year. The electors of Great Britain had then made up their minds to try a new and better way with Ireland, and their determination has been strengthened instead of weakened by the stormy and exciting incidents in the history of the Irish party which have happened since then.

Meanwhile there is one point we should like to bring to the notice of Liberal Unionists. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain have had a brisk passage-at-arms in the columns of the *Times* during the past week, and, as usual, Mr. Chamberlain has come off second best from the encounter. In the letter from the pen of the latter, which appeared on Wednesday, one revelation is made, to which we would invite the special attention of the Liberal Unionists. There is nothing new in it—to some of us at all events. But it may have the charm of novelty to no inconsiderable proportion of Mr. Chamberlain's present admirers. We gather from that gentleman's letter that he *did* arrange in 1885, in concert with Mr. Parnell and Captain O'Shea—a auspicious conjunction!—a scheme of Home Rule for Ireland; that he announced his willingness to “undertake a campaign in its support,” that he pressed its merits upon Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, and that he only abandoned it in the end because he received “a message from Mr. Parnell, through Captain O'Shea, that he could no longer accept it as satisfactory.” Of course, Mr. Chamberlain insists that his Home Rule plan was “totally different” from Mr. Gladstone's. This we can well believe; but when he further maintains that it would have been without any of the evil consequences which he anticipates from the Liberal leader's proposals, we take leave to differ from him. Let him produce his plan, and the country will be able to pronounce judgment upon the question as to the comparative riskiness of it and the later scheme propounded by Mr. Gladstone in Parliament. This, however, is but a minor point. What we have to insist on now is this frank confession of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, in collusion and consultation with Mr. Parnell,

arranged a plan for the settlement of the Irish question in the summer of 1885, and that the only reason why he did not openly press that plan upon the country was the fact that Mr. Parnell—having in the meantime entered into negotiations with the Tory party—withdrew his approval of it. After this admission, what are we to say of the effrontery of the man who has charged Mr. Gladstone with indecent haste, with the unscrupulous swallowing of his own professions, and with a hundred other offences, because in January and February, 1886, he did what his accuser had himself sought to do in June, 1885? Some day the full truth about the events of that historic period will be made known, and it will not be Mr. Gladstone, at all events, who will then have cause to shrink from the consequences of the revelation.

LAGGARD LANCASHIRE.

THE attitude of many of the Lancashire Members on the Free Education Bill completes the picture of provincial narrowness and slightness of vision furnished by their attempt to mar the Factory Act, and help Lord Salisbury to break faith with Europe. It was Lancashire's, and in a measure Yorkshire's, stand against the extension of the children's school and leisure time which enabled Mr. Matthews to rally his officials in Committee and keep down the working age to ten; it was Lancashire which played the game of vulgar self-interest, happily against the better conscience of the country, when the Factory Bill came back to the House; and it has been Lancashire, the Tory Lancashire of these latter days rather than the great province of toilers that used to lead England, which has done its best to curtail the boon of free education. The Government have now extended their measure, without too sweeping qualifications, to every child between the ages of three and fifteen. But that is no fault of the Tory rump led by Mr. Jennings, Mr. Howorth, and Sir Richard Temple. If Lancashire had had its way, the school age would have remained at the old limits; and, as in factory legislation, we should, as the result of our latest advance in popular instruction, have stood well behind the least progressive nations in Europe. Moreover, the zeal of the *mouton enragé* of voluntarism has in a sense eaten him up. The proposal to make the free system commence, as originally intended, at five years, would have given the Board Schools an excellent field for competition with the voluntary establishments. Nothing could have been simpler than for the Board managers to free their schools for the infants as well as for the elder scholars, and by so doing drain the Church schools at once of their recruits and their popularity. The enlargement of the free term from five to three will, indeed, prove an obvious benefit to the voluntary managers, for the fees for infants are usually much lower than for elder children, and the application of the 10s. fee-grant to this class of instruction will mean a gain of some thousands of pounds. Furthermore, as the *School Board Chronicle* points out, the change did away with the clause which provided that schools receiving the fee-grant should only charge twopennee for infants and threepence for children over fourteen. These considerations might well have suggested themselves to the minds of gentlemen who were chiefly concerned, not in strengthening voluntary schools on the side of efficiency, but in enabling the purveyors of clericalism for babes to support themselves out of the public money without touching their own pockets. The recent return of voluntary schools which receive nothing from sub-

scriptions shows that there are already nearly 1,200 of these eccentric establishments. It is easy to see that the action of the new measure will largely increase the number of such purely mendicant institutions.

This has, of course, been provided for by the Government, and is readily foreseen by the more astute advocates of voluntarism. It is the immediate price we have to pay for free education. We are again compelled to take on our shoulders our educational Old Man of the Sea, and to give him of the best, until, surfeited with the good things he does not earn, he tumbles off of his own accord. But it is a little too strong when the Extreme Right, led by Tory Lancashire, insists on neutralising the boon which the nation has expressly provided, and on intercepting for high-fee schools the money intended for free education. As Mr. Smith, with unconscious humour, remarked last week, the proposal to prevent parents having no access to free schools applying to the Education Department to supply them was a suggestion to except Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire from the measure. But according to Mr. Jennings and Mr. Mowbray, this is precisely what Lancashire ought to be allowed to do. Why should it be compelled to accept the low-fee system? asked Mr. Jennings. Why should parents get their education for nothing when it was kindly provided for them on a scale of fees stretching from threepence to ninepence, with the formularies of the Church of England, and the exegesis of the Rev. Mr. Gace, thrown in? These were the arguments seriously addressed to the House *apropos* of the necessary and vital proposal of the Government, that when there is a deficiency of free school accommodation, the parents in any locality should have the power of asking the Department to assure it, and on that demand the Department should act. The sub-section is, as everyone acquainted with the working of School Boards knows, only an application to the new system of the provisions of the Act of 1870. Clearly we are not going to establish national and free schools in order to give the supporters of feed and sectarian education the chance to monopolise the instruction of a whole district, not to say a province, regardless of its wishes, and without reference to the efficiency of the schooling they provide for it. The Government has given the voluntary schools full measure, pressed down and running over; it could not in decency equip them with the power to exclude the national system, to which they maintain a feeble rivalry at the national expense.

Yet this monstrously extravagant plea was supported on the characteristic ground that the artisans of Lancashire liked to pay well for their children's education, and that its rich men preferred to subscribe to the high-fee Church schools. Very likely they do. Lancashire, like Jeshurun, has waxed fat and kicked, and the curious strain of narrow individualism which runs through its industrial life apparently suggests to its representatives that it has claims to constitute itself a rich man's Alsatia, in which the Queen's law should prevail with exceptions. There is a suggestive contrast between this style of argument and the deliberate preference of national honour to sectional interest which first gave Lancashire its political character. The Lancashire of to-day is probably, as the evidence of its leading operatives before the Labour Commission shows, the seat of as solid a Conservatism as England has ever known. The better class of mill-hand has developed an English type equivalent to the French peasant proprietor or small Norman farmer, with his "economies," his sense of ownership, and his narrow, prudent outlook on life. The Lancashire artisan is, in many instances, the owner of his house, as well as a shareholder in a

prosperous co-operative business; his wages are fairly good; his Unions are strong, though worked on conservative lines, and led by able but not especially progressive men of the type of Mr. Mawdsley and Mr. Birtwistle; and his immediate future, at all events, is not gloomy. The result of all these conditions is the inevitable one—that his interest in any progress which has a wider sweep than the circle of his own concerns has been checked, if not entirely superseded. The sheer materialism of his masters, joined to a type of snobbery which regards the established religion as a stepping-stone to respectability, have all helped—as they have often helped before—to link industrial well-being with social and moral barrenness. Lancashire's decadence is probably only temporary; but the pitiable display of short-sighted greed over the Factory Bill, and the deliberate choice of obscurantism over the education question, have brought it into very unpleasant relief.

THE INITIATIVE IN SWITZERLAND.

TOO little attention has been given to the constitutional change quietly made in Switzerland last Sunday. Of the two peculiarities of Swiss democracy—the Referendum, and the Initiative—the one has long been fully developed. Into both federal and cantonal legislation the Referendum has been introduced; it is but a continuation of the vote of the old *Landesgemeinde*, the corner-stone of Swiss democracy. The complement of the Referendum, the Initiative or right of a body of citizens outside the Legislature to initiate proposals for the abolition, alteration, or enactment of laws, has not hitherto been adopted so freely. In use in several of the cantons, it has not been an incident of federal legislation. But last Sunday a vote was taken on the proposal to extend to federal legislation the right of Initiative; and it was adopted by a considerable majority. Any group of 50,000 citizens will thus be able to force the Federal Chambers to deal with any matter, no matter what the opinions of the deputies may be as to the inexpediency of bringing it forward. For example, they may compel the Chambers to take up the subject of national education, the subsidising of railways, or any other question which a section of voters have at heart. Of course the proposal, if successful, may, and, in certain circumstances, must, under the system of Referendum be submitted to the general body of people for approval. Swiss democracy is pure democracy—certainly it is so when the Initiative has been adopted.

And yet it must not be taken for granted that the Initiative will facilitate the passing of democratic measures, or that it will introduce an unstable element into public affairs. An examination of the actual votes given under the Referendum system in recent years discloses no certain tendency, no marked impetus towards extreme measures. It has been used for the purpose of introducing novel measures, such as a compulsory civil marriage law, a Factories Act, and a new law as to capital punishment. But it has been the means of defeating novel measures intended to increase the Federal power—measures to which there was no objection except that they were novel. It may, too, be the means of averting a revolution in cantons where political feeling runs high. The outbreak at Bellinzona last September originated in a desire to modify the constitution of the canton Ticino. The authorities having refused to submit to popular vote a proposal for the modification of the constitution, a band of armed men rose in revolt, and seized the seat of Government. The bitterest opponents of the Referendum dilate upon the obstacle

which it affords to legislation requiring larger knowledge and wider experience than belong to the average voter. The fear is not that ill-conceived statutes may be passed, but that public life may be stricken with sterility in consequence of this veto. Our impression is that with the Referendum as it is, extreme measures have no chance. Commonplace opinion, generally averse to anything very pronounced, has its own way in Switzerland as it has in no other country. Of the Initiative we speak less confidently: it has been little tried; the Swiss themselves are not agreed as to its effect in the cantons in which it exists.

You cannot judge of the effects of institutions without studying their setting and environment: that has become a political commonplace. But you must do more. Writers of the school of Wundt and Lazarus have shown that you must study also the *Völkerpsychologie*, the whole multifarious facts making up national life, the entire mental complexion and character of a people, before you can reason about the results of any political institution. Nothing can be more deceptive than the conclusions drawn by reasoners who treat such questions as problems of mechanics. That sort of political philosophy—and it is still the philosophy of most publicists—leads to error, no matter who may employ it. In 1847 De Tocqueville made an elaborate study of Swiss democracy; the predictions and judgments of that singularly acute thinker have proved curiously inaccurate. He contrasted the representative democracy of certain cantons with the “pure democracy” exercised in the *Landesgemeinden* of others, and his conclusion was “pure democracy is rare in fact in the modern world, and wholly exceptional even in Switzerland. It is, moreover, a passing phase. It is not sufficiently known that in the Swiss cantons where the people have kept the largest share of the authority, there are representative bodies entrusted with a part of the Government. Studying the recent history of Switzerland, you may readily see how gradually the matters in which the Swiss people take an interest diminish; and how, on the contrary, those dealt with by its representatives become daily more numerous or more varied. Thus pure democracy steadily loses, the opposite principle steadily gains ground. Insensibly the one becomes the exception, the other the rule.” “Moreover, the pure democracies of Switzerland belong to another age. Neither as to the present nor the future can they teach us anything.” Can we be sure of this? That the federal power has increased is true, but in recent years no such tendency as is here described is to be noted. On the contrary, the Swiss seem more and more to prize, more and more to extend, the Referendum and the Initiative. That they have a great part to play in the future of Switzerland admits of no doubt. To De Tocqueville, direct appeals to the people, though legal, seemed irregular, abnormal, dangerous. Can we be sure that the Referendum and the Initiative have no future in other countries also? De Tocqueville's criticisms apply equally to the Initiative, though in his time it was not the important institution which it has become. Would he now be equally confident that it might not be used as a corrective to evils hitherto found inseparable from representative government? Five-and-twenty years ago the best minds were busy with schemes for ensuring the representation of minorities: Mr. Hare's, M. Naville's, and M. de Girardin's plans, to name a few out of a score in the field, had a crowd of apostles. Many believed that Mr. Hare had lifted a dark cloud from the future of nations. The other day, when he died, he had outlived almost all his disciples. Mr. Courtney alone is faithful among the faithless found. The clever

contrivances or complicated mechanism invented in the library would not fit into modern life, and the representation of minorities is a lost cause, as dead as that of the Bourbons or the Buonapartists. And this change occurs almost simultaneously with the appearance of an institution, unheralded by publicists, not excoagitated in the library, but the work of zealous, shrewd peasants. We are not going to fall into the error of supposing that what suits a small country could be readily transplanted to large European States. The embarrassment into which our House of Commons might be brought by a free use of that right is easily conceivable. It presupposes a feeble Government and a small community. But what better mode has yet been suggested of obtaining a hearing for minorities than an adaptation of the right of initiative? Modern democracy is going to be much more complex than Bentham, De Tocqueville, and other students of it supposed. There may be checks and counter-checks, safeguards and counterpoises, far more potent than students ever devised. A stream fed by so many tributaries that it becomes a resistless, devouring current—such is the literary and classical conception of democracy. But lo! even while these fears were strongest, dams were rising, channels were being dug in which the waters flowed peacefully.

HISTORY IN STONE.

IN discussing the practical suggestions of the Royal Commissioners on Westminster Abbey, the Press has hardly done justice to the brilliant little sketch which the Report contains of the story of the Abbey itself. There are many buildings of historical interest in Europe, but to the man of English birth there can be none possessing anything like the interest which attaches to the Abbey. Mr. Plunket, in a few eloquent pages, has done something to draw attention to the special part which it plays in history. It is the Temple of the Anglo-Saxon race, the building in which is enshrined the greatest traditions of our history, and which is sacred as the actual burial-place of many of our most illustrious dead. It is no derogation to the religious character of the Abbey to dwell upon this national aspect of a unique building. Within these grey walls have been witnessed a hundred historic pageants, from the burial of Edward the Confessor to the Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria. For six hundred years the English kings have received the crown and taken the oath of fealty before this altar. The English House of Commons first met within the Abbey precincts, so that here may be said to have been the birth-place of Constitutional Government. When the fight between the people and the monarch had waxed fiercest, and when Cromwell had broken down the superstition of the Divine Right of Kings, the Abbey still held its own, and the Protector looked upon burial within its walls as the highest reward of a life of devotion to the State. All around it the world has been sweeping from change to change. The reedy and secluded islet of Thorney has become part of the greatest of modern cities; kings and statesmen, warriors and priests have passed in procession through the Abbey portals in such quick succession that one can hardly distinguish between them; great wars have begun, and pursued their bloody course, and come to an end, and peace has reigned again; science and art and literature have taken possession of the national mind, and the simple, unlettered race of the days of Edward the Confessor have gained their place in the foremost ranks of the cultured and elect; the fiercest

crises of our national fate have come and gone, our national liberties have been staked and lost and won again within a stone's-throw of these walls; we have founded new empires in every quarter of the world, have lost some of them, have held others after fierce clash of fire and sword, and our country stands to-day "the mighty mother of free nations" throughout the earth. And through it all Westminster Abbey has been the one supreme shrine of our race; its towers have looked down upon it all unchanged and unchanging; Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Cromwellian, Hanoverian, Victorian, all have come in turn to kneel at this altar and to bind anew the solemn ties which unite princes and people in a common lot. It is the story of England carved in stone which stands before us in the building hard by which the prosaic underground railway now carries unthinking thousands to their daily struggle for bread. The poetry, the majesty, the romance, and the glory of the place are plain to see—and yet how few among us pause for a moment in our busy lives to regard them.

So it comes to pass that this Report of the Royal Commission, which touches so nearly the fate of the noblest of all buildings standing on English soil, has been discussed as though it dealt with a new metropolitan railway scheme or a proposal for carrying the sewage of London to the sea. How utilitarian the age has become was surely never made more plainly manifest than by the way in which we have coolly received the proposals of the Royal Commission, discussed their cost, their practical effect, the extent of the disturbance their execution must inflict upon the British householders who happen to live in Old Palace Yard, and everything else except the one important factor—their bearing upon the safety and the dignity of our one great national shrine. We are glad to think that Mr. Plunket and his fellow-commissioners are not blind to this side of the question, which happens to be, after all, the only side worth considering. They were asked to consider how the accommodation for burial in Westminster Abbey might be increased, and in performing their task, though they have taken the evidence mainly of architects and masons, they have not lost sight of the place which the Abbey holds in the nation's life. It is glorious as an embodiment of our history; it is no less glorious as the resting-place of the men who have done most to make England what it is. Here under a common roof, in the embrace of a common mother, lie the warriors, statesmen, priests, explorers, and teachers who have built up the greatness of our land and language. After Addison, any reflections upon the tombs at Westminster and the dust they contain must be trivial and impertinent. It is enough that through every fibre of the Englishman tingles a sense of the glory and the wonder which, by reason of the dead it shelters, must always attach to the Abbey. Here the humblest of the living may find himself in close communion with the greatest of the dead. He may worship here with his feet upon the slab which covers the glorious dust of Charles Dickens, and see within a few yards of him the grave of Chaucer; and he must be a poor creature indeed, who, finding himself amid such surroundings, is not struck by a sense of the oneness of our race and the unbroken continuity of our national life.

But amid all the glory and majesty of Westminster Abbey, we must come at last to the hard practical question, What is to be done to make this shrine suffice for the mighty dead of future generations? How shall we ensure that it shall continue to be what it now is, the final resting-place of most

of those who have won the highest place in the love and admiration of their fellow-countrymen? Mr. Plunket and the Commissioners bring forward two rival schemes, and are divided in opinion about them. Either scheme would, at a certain cost, provide for the sepulture within the precincts of the Abbey of a certain number of persons—a sufficient number, probably, to meet the requirements of the next two hundred years. But how comes it that the Commissioners have left absolutely unnoticed a third scheme which would meet every difficulty, maintain the traditions of the Abbey in all their richness, harmonise with modern ideas of sanitation, and enable us to look forward not for two centuries, but for six if needs be, during which the national shrine would still fulfil its purpose as the last resting-place of the dust of our heroes? How is it that they have said no word about cremation as an indispensable preliminary to burial within the Abbey? If they had done so, they would have removed those substantial objections to the continuance of burial here which are founded upon our regard for the laws of health, and they would at once have solved the difficulty of finding space for further interments. The so-called “religious” objection to cremation as a means of disposing of our dead has quickly died out. Year by year the thing itself grows in favour among all intelligent people, and year by year, be it said, the need for its employment in the disposal of our dead increases. What possible argument can there be against its adoption here, where it is needed more sorely than anywhere else? There may be some who will raise a sentimental objection. The mere ashes of our heroes, indistinguishable from the ashes of the commonest of men, cannot move the imagination, they will say, as the dead body itself can do. But the dead body itself—how soon is it resolved into these very ashes! and who cares or even dares to dwell upon the stages, humiliating and degrading to our humanity, by which the process is at present accomplished? Surely it will require but a moment’s thought to get rid of this, the one striking objection to the adoption of cremation as the solution of the difficulty which now besets the question of future burials in the Abbey.

THE FRENCH WORKPEOPLE’S INSURANCE BILL.

FOLLOWING the example set by Prince Bismarck in Germany a few years ago, the French Government has introduced into the Chamber a Bill to enable workpeople to insure against old age. The plan is open to persons of both sexes, and not only to those who are usually called workpeople, but also to domestic servants, and even to *métayer* tenants, although the peasant-proprietors as proprietors are excluded. Every working man or woman, then, whose income is under £120 per annum, by paying five centimes every working day becomes entitled at fifty-six to a pension of £12 a year, and by paying ten centimes every working day, to a pension of £24 a year. The employer is bound to double the contribution of his *employé*. Moreover, the latter, by paying a small annual premium, which the State will supplement, may insure his life for £20 or £40, according to the conditions. The scheme is not obligatory, and the Government estimates that it will take about thirty years to come into full operation. At the end of that time it estimates, further, that the charge to the State will amount to about four millions sterling per annum. The opponents of the measure, and they are very numerous, assert that

the cost will be immensely greater, and M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the well-known economist, goes so far as to assert that it will amount to fully ten times as much. In all probability, the cost is underestimated by the Government. Nearly always Government estimates are exceeded when their measures come into full operation. But that the Government actuaries are so entirely wrong as M. Leroy-Beaulieu contends is hardly conceivable. It is argued, in the first place, that the Government reckons upon investing the payments made by the workpeople and their employers at 4 per cent., and that it will not be able to do so. That is very probably true, for the tendency is for the rate of interest to fall in times of peace. Yet a great war or a great industrial revolution, such as the introduction of railways, might realise its expectation. Then, again, it is contended that the Government entirely under-estimates the numbers of those who will avail themselves of the scheme. That also may be true; but it is to be recollected that here at home the respectable poor often prefer to starve rather than apply for relief to the Union, and if this French scheme should carry with it any taint of charitable relief it also may not become as popular as is now expected. Once more, it is objected that the Government reckons 290 working days to the year, whereas the average is very much less. However, all these objections are matters of detail with which we need not, as foreigners, trouble ourselves, and which can be corrected and amended in the course of discussion in the Chamber and the Senate. What is of much more interest to other countries is the principle of the Bill, which is denounced in France, and we notice with surprise by not a few English papers, as socialistic and ruinously extravagant.

In reality, the Bill is less socialistic in principle than our own Poor Law. Like this, it proposes to make provision for all indigent persons when they have passed the working age. It may be objected that at fifty-six men and women are still able to work, and that therefore a much later age ought to be chosen. That, again, is a mere matter of detail, which it rests with the Chambers to adopt or amend as they please. But in principle the object of the Bill is not different from our own Poor Law—to provide the indigent poor, the poor whose income is supposed not to be sufficient to enable them to make provision for old age, with an insurance against actual want. But while it does this, the Bill insists that the poor themselves shall contribute, while able to work, to the fund upon which they are to draw in old age. Our Poor Law, on the contrary, does not require those who are relieved by it to contribute anything while they are self-supporting. No matter how a man may have wasted his substance in riotous living, he can demand assistance from his parish or his union, and the law declares that he must not be allowed to starve. In principle, then, the French proposal is decidedly less socialistic than our own law, inasmuch as it insists on the man contributing beforehand to the fund out of which he is to subsist afterwards, and ours does not. And if it is less socialistic, it is certainly less demoralising. Our Poor Law, by branding as a pauper everyone who has to come upon the parish or the union for relief, lowers him in his own eyes as well as in the eyes of the world, and by breaking down self-respect, lessens the economic efficiency of the worker throughout his after-life. Besides, our Poor Law, by breaking up homes and separating families, is the occasion of immense waste. The workman who, through misfortune, or illness or accident, is obliged to go into the workhouse, has to part with all his furniture, and to separate himself from his

family; and in doing this the last remnants of his past savings are scattered to the winds. The French proposal, following the German legislation, is superior in these respects. It is quite possible that the cost will prove to be very much greater than the Government now expects. But does not everybody know that our own Poor Law is an exceedingly costly affair? Take the Poor Law expenditure of the whole of the United Kingdom, and deduct the charges which really ought not to be entered under the heading of poor relief, and yet it will be found that the expenditure which really is applied to the relief of destitution is enormously heavy. And it comes entirely out of the pockets of the ratepayers. So little is contributed by the relatives of those relieved as not to be worth mentioning, and none at all by the recipients of the relief themselves; while the method of expenditure, as already stated, demoralises the recipients and, economically, is absolutely wasted. Even, then, if a very much larger proportion of the French workpeople than the Government expects avail themselves of the Bill, and if in other respects the Government calculations prove to be greatly under-estimated, yet it is hardly likely that the cost of the system will much exceed that of our own Poor Law; probably it will not reach nearly as much.

The French opponents of the Bill are especially bitter against the proposal which requires the employer to contribute as much as his workman or workwoman to the fund out of which the pensions are to be provided. The proposal, our readers are doubtless aware, is copied from Prince Bismarck's original scheme, but it is pronounced dangerously socialistic and most unjust to the employer. In the mouths of such men as M. Leroy-Beaulieu, that is probably only a very emphatic way of expressing their dislike of the whole measure, and a likely means of arousing in the minds of others opposition to it. They are, we should think, not in the least taken in by their own rhetoric and their own strong language; but it is odd to find some of our own contemporaries repeating the denunciation as if it were sound economic doctrine. As a matter of course, everybody knows that a Parliament cannot raise wages by law. If, therefore, the French Parliament decrees that for every five centimes a day contributed by the workman, his employer shall contribute another five centimes, it simply means that the rate of wages all over France is to be somewhat reduced for the sake of building up a fund out of which pensions are to be paid in old age. It is not at all dissimilar to our own plan of postponing military payments. The workman, in fact, postpones receipt, until he is fifty-six, of a part of the wages to which he is immediately entitled, for the sake of making sure of a modest subsistence in old age. There may be some little difficulty in the beginning between employers and employed as to how the matter is to be arranged, but it is quite clear that the rate of wages all over France, in every trade and every kind of industry, cannot be raised a uniform five centimes per day by mere Act of Parliament. If the country continues to grow in prosperity as it has grown during the present century, wages will go on rising, as they have been steadily rising all through the century, whatever Parliament may say or do. On the other hand, if the prosperity of the country decreases, wages will fall, even though Parliament should decree twenty times a year that they must not fall. Therefore, this particular provision, which is so strongly denounced as unjust to the employer, and especially to the small employer—as, in fact, a kind of confiscation in the case of the peasant-proprietor and the master-workman who has only one or two

journeymen—is nothing more than a proposal to get out of the workman himself, half directly and half indirectly, a contribution which, it is estimated, will suffice at the end of a given number of years to yield the pension which is guaranteed him by the State.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week again international courtesies, present and prospective, obscure the ordinary material of history. The visit of the German Emperor to England is supposed to find a counterpoise in the approaching arrival of the French fleet at Cronstadt. This latter has been received at Copenhagen with great enthusiasm by all classes alike. The launch of the *Sicilia*, one of the most powerful ironclads afloat, at Venice on Monday, has been made the occasion, not only for such aquatic fêtes as are possible only in Venice, but for an interchange of courtesies between England and Italy, of which Continental politicians are, not unnaturally, inclined to exaggerate the significance. There has been no similar interchange of courtesies between Italy and Austria, either because the Italian Government feared Irredentist manifestations, and requested the Austrian fleet to stay away, or because Austrian Roman Catholics have a strong sentiment about the temporal power of the Pope—both explanations are given—or for the more obvious reason that the force of tradition is still too strong for the Austrian flag to be very acceptable in Venice. King Alexander of Serbia is soon to pay a visit to the Czar, a decision which is supposed to mark the final delivery of that country to Russia, and has called forth violent protests in the press, both in Vienna and in Serbia itself. Still, it would seem that the King is afterwards to visit the Emperor of Austria. Finally, the Czar has renounced his intention, it is said, of visiting Germany, presumably by way of comment on the renewal of the Triple Alliance, and will celebrate his silver wedding at home, not, as had been intended, at Copenhagen.

Apart from all these nuclei of conjecture, Continental politics this week are unexciting. The French tariff debate has been proceeding apace—forty articles having been disposed of last week in one sitting. French hops, which used to excite the English Protectionist, were themselves protected a fortnight ago from Belgian and German competition. Ozokerit has been taxed in the interest of French beekeepers, in spite of an ingenious argument that it is much more desirable for bees to make honey than wax; the French wine-growers have been protected against raisins, and a proposal to tax foreign ice in the interest of the owners of French glaciers—who appear, as in Switzerland, to be preparing to export the glaciers (presumably of Chamouni) in truck-loads—has been negatived. But except for these occasional curiosities of industrial life, there is little to notice in the debates. In the Senate M. Wallon's objections to a statue of Danton were ignored on Tuesday after a good deal of historical disquisition. Danton, by the way, as the *Journal des Débats* opportunely notices, expressed a peculiar contempt for the opinion of posterity.

The French naval manœuvres are proceeding in the Mediterranean. A squadron representing the enemy—inferior in numbers, but containing the finest ships, and in particular the newest and fastest cruisers—is to pass between the Spanish coast and the Balearic Islands, where the defensive squadron is, if possible, to check its movements. A battle was expected on Thursday.

An interesting "workmen's quarters," the first attempt to supply the Paris workmen with separate houses for their families, was visited by the President of the Republic on Sunday. It is situated at the Buttes-Chaumont, near the picturesque park which was the last work of Baron Haussmann, and on

ground that was formerly the haunt of the most dangerous criminals. The houses, which have little gardens, and are seemingly on an English model, are of four types, and are stated to range in price from 6,000 to 25,000 francs, which (with interest) can be spread over sixty-five annual payments.

A new programme has been drafted by the German Social Democrats for discussion by the Socialist Congress to be held at Erfurt in October. It is, on the whole, more practical than the current programme, which dates from 1875. Instead of asserting, like its predecessor, the right of each person to labour and to receive according to his "rational needs," it merely demands the nationalisation of land and the instruments of production; it omits all mention of Lassalle's famous "brazen" (or "iron") "law of wages," and of his pet scheme of transition to social democracy—co-operative production, with capital found by the State; it demands an eight hours day, further protection of the labourer, the extension to agricultural labour of whatever protection is afforded to other departments, and an extended scheme of national insurance, in the management of which the workmen are to participate. Among its political demands are proportional representation (!), apparently the Initiative and Referendum, the election of judges by the people, and the gratuitous provision of legal and medical advice. It is, on the whole, much more "possibilist" than the old programme, and it is not surprising to learn that the extreme section, who were defeated at the last Congress, are again restless, though the new programme may not be the main reason.

Gloomy reports as to harvest prospects, especially in north-west Germany, where the violent storms of last week have done extraordinary damage, have somewhat discredited the optimist views of the Government.

The Dutch Ministry resigned on Wednesday. The Portuguese Cortes have adjourned till November.

The Bill doubling the privileges of note issue enjoyed by the Bank of Spain, in return for a loan to the State without interest, was passed by the Senate on Tuesday. Some Madrid merchants have petitioned the Queen-Regent to veto it, but it is said to be approved by the mercantile community generally.

In Switzerland, the Initiative—i.e., the right of a certain number of citizens to demand alterations in the Federal Constitution, or legislation on certain lines on other matters—was adopted on Sunday by a majority of nearly 52,000. The numbers were 169,142 to 117,338. Parties were, as we stated last week, divided on the question. The abstentions were unexpectedly numerous. Vaud, Aargau, Thurgau, and the half-cantons of Basel-Land and Appenzell-ausser Rhoden gave majorities against it. A similar institution was also adopted on the same day in the cantonal constitution of Geneva. Most of the cantons, of course, possess it already. The railway to Zermatt is at last opened throughout.

The Commission of Inquiry has returned to Italy from Abyssinia, and examined Livraghi, whose accusations against his superiors of complicity in the murders of which he is accused created such excitement in February, and led to the appointment of the Commission. His extradition was granted by Switzerland about a fortnight ago. A preliminary report will be issued, it is said, in a few days, followed in October by a final statement as to the reforms desirable in the Abyssinian colony. These reports will be addressed to the Premier, but presumably their substance will be published.

In an interview with a correspondent of the *Gazzetta Piemontese*, Signor Nicotera has emphatically contradicted the reports circulated by the Extreme Left that there are dissensions between him and the rest of the Ministry, and that the latter had any desire to evade the discussion of their policy during the scene we described last week. He has also promised a complete Ministerial programme

of financial reform—which is not to involve fresh taxation—on the reassembling of the Chambers in November. By it the Cabinet is to stand or fall. In the latter case, he states, it will fall as a whole.

The reports as to harvest prospects from South Russia are rather more encouraging, though great distress seems to prevail along the Volga and in some of the central districts, particularly Kostroma. A "cloudburst" has all but destroyed Ekaterinoslav, and the weather will not only damage the crops, but aggravate the difficulties of transport in a way possible only in a country where there are no stones.

The liberties of Finland have received another blow by the abolition of the "Advisory Committee" of three, which sat at St. Petersburg, and nearly always consisted entirely of Finns.

The "Royal romance" in Roumania is still going.

Miss Greenfield (whose mother, a widowed English lady, is a considerable landowner in Persia) is not yet delivered up by her Kurd captors, who declare she was converted to Islam two years ago. The Turkish authorities seem to be favouring them, despite the strong representations made by the British Consul. Persian troops have been sent to overawe the Kurds, who do not seem to care. Full details were published in Friday's *Daily News*.

A fourfold execution by electricity—which has enriched the American tongue with the vile word "electrocution"—has taken place at Sing Sing, New York, and is said to have been painless, though the evidence is rather suspicious and the reports somewhat conflicting.

Most alarming reports are in circulation as to Mr. Blaine's health, and his nomination to the Presidency seems very improbable.

The Argentine Budget estimate for 1891, it is stated, will show a revenue of 29,000,000 dollars in gold, and 26,000,000 dollars in paper, against an expenditure of 14,000,000 dollars in gold and 35,000,000 dollars in paper, thus leaving in any case a handsome surplus. The utmost economy is to be observed. This news comes together with the announcement that a proposal has been laid before the Senate for Government aid in renewing bills and for the issue of additional paper money in case of need—which rather mars its effect.

The Congressional party in Chili state that their prospects are very promising. Indeed, a victory is already reported. Their army is marching southward, and troops will probably be landed to attack Valparaiso or Santiago. The population will fraternise with them. The new ironclads built for this party in France have been released by the French Government. President Balmaceda has obtained from his subservient Congress unlimited power of confiscation against his adversaries. An attempt made by their agents to obtain control of the funds in England for the service of the loan has failed for lack of evidence as to the seat of sovereign authority in Chili. But it is said that Messrs. Rothschild are protecting these funds against the encroachments of President Balmaceda.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT WITH AMERICA.

THE perils which threatened the grant of American copyright to British authors have at length been surmounted. The President has declared himself satisfied that British law extends reciprocal protection to American authors, and has accordingly, in terms of the statute passed last March, issued his proclamation declaring the benefits of that statute to extend to the United Kingdom and its dependencies. It is fortunate that his advisers found themselves able to accept the answer of the Foreign Office as sufficient, for had it proved necessary to amend our law, the task of pushing even a short and simple Act through Parliament in the month of

July against the opposition threatened by printers and paper-makers, would have been neither short nor simple. All the difficulties, however, that were feared from the supposed defects of our law, have now vanished, and a new chapter in the history of copyright opens from Monday, July 6th. Yet before we turn our eyes from the past to the future, it is proper to say something about the causes which led to the passing of the American Act, for these have been frequently misunderstood.

When the Act passed, it was received by our press with a coldness surprising in those who had so eagerly demanded it—a coldness which ignored the difficulties it had to contend with, and therefore did less than justice to the nation that enacted it. “Better late than never,” “Some sparks of feeling at last,” “Less dishonest than we thought them”—these, or such as these, were the phrases used by some influential papers; while others, fixing their attention on the so-called “manufacturing clauses” of the Act, represented the measure as not so much an effort to secure justice to foreign authors as to secure business to American printers and paper-makers. These clauses, which provide that to obtain copyright in America a book must be printed from type set within the United States, or from plates taken from such type, are doubtless a blot on the statute. They are bad in principle, and diminish the value of the boon conferred on foreign authors. But it is absurd to suggest that the Act was passed for the sake of them. They will appear by no means unnatural if the whole facts of the case are regarded. Protection to native industry is the accepted basis of American legislation, a basis upon which the last Congress has erected a portentous fabric of tariff regulations, many of them more oppressive than these manufacturing clauses. If copyright pure and simple had been granted to Europeans, it is probable that a considerable amount of printing heretofore done in America would have been transferred to Europe, where both labour and paper are very much cheaper. The printers were therefore concerned not to draw in business from elsewhere, but to retain business they had got already. Can we be surprised that when they saw everybody else obtaining protection they should have claimed protection for their industry also? The amount of printing work which the Act can draw away from Britain to the United States is, owing to the difference in wages and other conditions of production in favour of British houses, smaller than that which might have flowed to Britain away from the United States had no restrictive provisions been inserted. The American trades-unions of printers had accordingly a *prima facie* case; and those authors and statesmen who led the International Copyright movement were obliged to yield to an opposition whose strength lay in the fact that it appealed to the general practice of the country. Congressmen are even more timid than Members of Parliament, and the hostility of a large and well-organised trade which thinks itself endangered is a formidable factor where parties are nearly balanced. So far from being the cause of the Act, the insertion of these clauses was forced upon its promoters, and accepted unwillingly by them as the price they were forced to pay for the recognition of the main principle they advocated. They were right to submit, for the Act marks a great step forward—a step which might not have been taken for years had pure free trade in printing been insisted on. To say this is, of course, not to defend the clauses. They are mischievous clauses. They embody an unsound doctrine. They injure the American consumer by artificially raising the price of books. They inflict some loss and much inconvenience on the foreign author who gains copyright by complying with them. They will prevent many a deserving foreign book from obtaining copyright, for it is only an author already known who can count on finding some American publisher willing to print and issue

his works in the United States. Hence the most enlightened and zealous men among the promoters of the recent Act have declared their intention to agitate for its amendment by the repeal of these provisions, so that a foreigner may obtain copyright in America on the same easy terms as are open to a foreigner in England.

The true cause of the passing of the Act was the conviction which had gradually spread itself through the better classes in America that the want of international copyright was a discredit, and, therefore, an injury to the nation. It was also urged, and justly urged, that the flooding of the country with cheap pirated editions of European books gave no chance to American authors, whose works could not be published so cheaply, because the author, as well as the publisher, had to make a profit. It was pointed out that these pirated editions were largely reprints of worthless books, many of them injurious to the taste, some even to the morals, of the people. But the main argument was the appeal to honesty and good feeling. The literary men who began the agitation were for a time sneered at. They were few at first, and they had no political influence. But they were so zealous and so persistent, they plied the politicians with so many arguments, they used the press with so much skill and resolution, working upon the minds of the more educated voters, and keeping the question always to the front in public discussion, that at last the average Congressman began to feel he must give serious attention to the subject. First the Eastern and Middle States were conquered, and two or three leading New England politicians joined in the campaign; then the more cultivated parts of the West listened, and presently their representatives came over. The South and South-West were the last to be affected, and furnished the bulk of the minority who resisted the measure to the end. The Southern and South-Western States are, taken all round, the least educated, as well as the poorest parts of the Union, the parts in which books are least bought and read. Their members, however, continued to dilate on the advantages of abundant literature, and to argue that since international copyright meant dearer books, it must be resisted in the interests of the people.

Nearly all English observers thought this argument so strong as to deem the establishment of international copyright an elusive dream. “It may seem to be approaching,” they said, “but it will never come. How can you expect a nation to raise the price against itself of what it has come to consider a necessity of life—cheap European literature?” Yet this nation has now deliberately raised against itself the price of its books. This is no small triumph for a group of literary men to have achieved—men who had nothing in their favour but a good cause and their own earnestness. The power of opinion, an opinion formed entirely outside political circles, has seldom been more strikingly illustrated. Neither political party took the question up. The feeling of a few enlightened men went on spreading and strengthening till the whole nation was leavened; and the nation having convinced itself that its own honour was involved in recognising the right of the foreigner no less than of the citizen to the profits of his intellectual exertion, forced its representatives, by a sort of silent pressure, to an act of justice which seemed opposed to its material interests, and which ten years before politicians had scarcely deigned to consider. A distinguished American writer to whose energy the cause of international copyright owes much, wrote to me in describing the final struggle by which the Bill was carried, “I have always said, Never despair of America.” When her own citizens, no less than foreign critics, are disheartened by some of the sordid phenomena of her politics, it is well to remember how great is the power which the opinion of thoughtful and honourable men, acting outside party and invoking high principles, can exert.

JAMES BRYCE.

THE CEREMONIAL SIDE OF ROYALTY.

THIS has been a memorable week for the descriptive reporter. He has revelled in pageants, and covered his bread on both sides, so to speak, with the richest cream of his vocabulary. It is not often that a Royal wedding, a State banquet, reviews, processions, Imperial alarms and excursions, are crowded into so short a spell; and the gentlemen who direct the evolutions of the English language for the *Daily Telegraph*, and who, when they want to say that something is lost in shadow, "shroud" it "in adumbration," have never had a more glorious time. They have seen Burke's "Peerage" and the "Almanach de Gotha" walking up the aisle of St. George's Chapel, and they have imagined the glitter of the gold plate at Windsor in the blaze of three hundred candles. But their joy is somewhat dashed by a mournful suspicion that in the business of show the German Emperor and his suite are easily supreme. Lord Halsbury did his best to make the British peerage look picturesque at a wedding, and Sir Richard Temple—had he been invited—might have rivalled the Teutonic manhood. But in a scene of military magnificence the uniforms of the German War Lord and his satellites eclipsed even the Duke of Cambridge. In this country the expenditure of royalty is watched by lynx-eyed economists. Mr. Labouchere knows to a sixpence the cost of royal coals, and Mr. Morton is uneasy lest the Military Knights of Windsor should enjoy unlawful splendour in their superior almshouse. But the Kaiser can play with costly toys without stirring indignant legislators to demand whether the Imperial dignity is worth the expense. A monarch who actually governs, and who believes himself appointed by Heaven to impress his personal opinions on his subjects, has a great advantage even in an ornamental sense over Sovereigns who are constitutional symbols. A Prince who is a field-marshal only in name cannot expect to rival the spectacular graces of a kinsman whose lightest word is obeyed by millions of armed men. He cannot wear a succession of dazzling uniforms with any feeling of reality, and if he were to make the experiment, he would find himself in the hands of the caricaturists. No display of gold plate, even when extolled by the *Daily Telegraph*, can make him an equal of the mailed hero whose suits and trappings, whether military or naval, proclaim a real personal authority. To the Germans the Imperial pomp satisfies not only the love of show, but also the love of power. It is the ceremonial assertion of the principle which is vital to them, and a mere shadow to us. When the Crown Prince Frederick threw round his neck the gold chain of the Hohenzollerns, in order to impress Gustav Freytag with his earnestness in anticipating the Imperial dignity of his family, he indulged in no mere theatrical show. It was an unmistakable expression of the very practical ambition of a man who expected to be paramount over a whole generation of minor kings and princes.

There is, of course, an instinct of propriety in this country which teaches us that our royal personages should conduct their festivities with a ceremonial befitting their station. It would never do for a princess to be married in an ordinary gown and given away by the verger. Even Mr. Labouchere would probably complain that this was unfair to the taxpayers, who expected some show for their money. Many years ago it was said that an American President was once discovered receiving visitors at the White House in his shirt-sleeves, and murmuring, as he shook hands alternately with two streams of guests, "How d'ye do—how d'ye do? Glad to see you—glad to see you. Hot day—hot day." The ceremony was simple, but if it were introduced at Marlborough House, even Mr. Morton might notice that there was some lack of personal distinction. Wherever the monarchy has a long tradition experience has shown that it is unwise to try a Citizen King who is neither a dictator nor

a decorator. In a juvenile kingdom like Holland the monarch may go shopping with any unassuming householder; but the descendant of Egbert cannot afford to forget that he is always a spectacle, and cannot walk the streets while Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris dashes by in a gilded chariot. Moreover, there is a moral advantage in having a standard of ceremonial which excites no envy. If the Princess of Wales appears in a costume of novel elegance, the bitterness of jealousy invades no feminine bosom; but if the Lady Mayoress were to achieve this distinction the spouses of aldermen would pass nights of sleepless mortification. It is no small thing to have at least one family in the kingdom who do not stir the covetousness of their neighbours. Our gilded youth are humbly content to model their deportment upon the linen of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale without the tormenting thought that they are as good as he. But if Mr. Jesse Collings were President-elect of the Britannic Republic, what guarantee should we have that the cuffs and collars of his household would be regarded with the deference of imitation instead of the insolence of rivalry? Some optimists may imagine that by putting the office of Chief Magistrate up to competition we should obtain a finer quality of ornament and a more distinguished code of manners. But ceremonial is essentially a matter of association. The ballot-box could never compete with the font. All the pomp of a popular election could not touch the imagination like the christening of a royal infant. A President might be the model of intellectual and moral fitness, but he could not carry the centuries in his train. It is not mere servility which imparts an indefinable significance to the laying of foundation-stones by royal hands and the mumbling of indifferent phrases by royal lips. The spirit of historic continuity, though he little knows it, dominates the spectator, and the wonder is that he does not mutter as a kind of invocation the whole list of English kings and queens with their dates.

For the purposes of decoration, then, royalty has little fear of a competitor even when it has ceased to be the controlling force of national life, and no longer proclaims its divine mission from the housetops. It supplies a considerable number of people with perpetual entertainment. Its amusements are sometimes serious, and its solemnity is occasionally diverting; but the incongruity is inseparable from the system, and increases the piquancy of the play. To people who are playgoers without entering a theatre, royalty affords an endless series of gentle little dramas, in which weddings and christenings are the most familiar themes, with now and then an incident which suggests Miss Braddon or the Adelphi. To students of a slightly graver cast, who cling to the mainstays of civilisation, there is always the consolation of knowing that the Queen walked or drove with some honourable lady in attendance. Even this has its dramatic value, like the drop-scene in the play-house with its restful tableau. Possibly the theatrical element of royalty imposes a responsibility which cannot always be sustained without simulation; as when a prince receives an address from an obsequious corporation, and perceives a threatening array of tributary bouquets. Such a situation demands from his histrionic faculty an artistic demonstration of agreeable surprise which would do no discredit to a professional actor. But all the world's a stage, and even princes are merely players.

NONCONFORMITY AND ITS ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

THE later decades of our century have seen many revivals, and not the least remarkable is the revival of the Ecclesiastical Council. It is everywhere, in all the Churches, experiencing a resurrection.

We have had the Vatican, the Pan-Anglican, the Pan-Presbyterian Councils, and now we are to have the International Council of the Congregational Churches. Each has with about equal success aimed at a sort of œcumenicity: for each of the Churches can claim the only species of Catholicity now possible, the right by virtue of service and even of occupancy to call all regions of the earth and all tongues of men its own. This last of the Councils is variously significant. It means that those who bear the historical name of Independents do not intend to live in isolation; they feel the need of conference, mutual criticism, counsel, and co-operation. Their Council is to be comprehensive; its members come not only from Great Britain, but from America and the Colonies. They apparently, too, desire a wider brotherhood than their own. They have invited representatives of what one may describe as the greater Church of England—Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists—to meet them in Council. The constructive spirit is evidently entering into English dissent; it is becoming possessed of a new ideal, that may yet become a stupendous and potent reality. It seems as if, just as the Anglicans are beginning to lose the notion of the Church in the idea of a clergy, the Dissenters were beginning to exchange the idea of denominations for the notion of a Church. It would indeed be a curious piece of irony were a reversal of the ancient nomenclature to become necessary, the greater Church of England being described in the positive terms, while the negative fell to the lesser. And this will become inevitable if the new Anglican sectaries have their way. If the rising clericalism devours the old Church, what remains will be the most absolute of all sectarianisms; but we shall hope that the new Church will be noble and Catholic enough to tolerate even the intolerant. In those days Mr. Gace will be the subject, not of serious Parliamentary discussion, but of instructive psychological study and explanation.

The men who are about to meet in Council are the main representatives of the old English Puritans. This is the tie that binds together its English and American members. The former are Nonconformist as well as Puritan; the latter are Puritan without being Nonconformist. This is strictly an English term, due to the Act which, under the name of Uniformity, legislatively disrupted and divided the religious life of the English people. Outside of England, it either has its significance reversed or loses it altogether. In Scotland Episcopacy is dissent; an Anglican is there a Nonconformist. In America there is no Establishment, and so neither Conformity nor Nonconformity, but simply free Christian Churches. But while the Congregationalists of America are not, like their English brethren, Nonconformists, they are, like them, of Puritan descent, heirs of the same traditions, ideals, enthusiasms. They conceive alike the religion and the Church of Christ, they are one in their political and social ideals, though within the unity lie differences due to the different histories and constitutions of their respective countries. In America the Puritan States have been the creators of the nobler intellectual, political, and ethical ideals. They generated the principles that inspired the War of Independence; they created the policy and agencies for the education that has conquered and ordered the disintegrating and deteriorating elements of the European immigration; they begot the sense of brotherhood, and directed the passion for freedom that emancipated the slave; and they have produced whatever of literature has enriched and adorned the intellectual soil of the New World. No better Christian work has been done in any part of the world since Christ than has been done by the Churches of the Puritan States. The men who represent them deserve well of the English people; and it will be an ill day for that people if ever ecclesiastical differences prevent the recognition of services history can only honour and time can only enhance.

But Nonconformity, as specifically English, is, though in its root and reason religious, in its form and history political, created by a political Act, which was enforced by civil penalties. The Dissenter is a creation of a given policy, and so his being is and cannot but be political. He may differ from the Church as a Church, but he does not dissent from it; what he dissents from is an institution ordered and regulated, alike as regards doctrine and worship, by the State. The earliest struggle of the Nonconformist was for the most rudimentary of religious rights—the right to worship the God of his conscience as his conscience bade him; the next was for the most rudimentary of civil rights—the right to live within the State an enfranchised citizen. Of both rights the Act of Uniformity deprived him; in seeking to recover what it took away, he has helped to reform the English Church and to enlarge the English State. The benefit has been common, though the battle has been particular, and often disguised under issues so mean as to be the reverse of ennobling. Indeed, domestic strife is seldom heroic; to live in it as the daily and abiding medium of one's being, and yet remain pure and magnanimous, may well be regarded as the last achievement of the noble mind. But the Puritan was not allowed to live and develop in England under favourable conditions; the struggle for existence he had to wage was not friendly to the kindlier graces. He came of a learned ancestry; to it had once belonged the highest scholarship of England; but the law that excluded him from the Church shut him out of the University and denied him the right to found or conduct either a school or college. And how could learning live where the opportunity either to teach or to learn was withheld? He came, too, of a refined race; for refinement must always be moral. The Merry Monarch was a very brutal person; his gay court was too much a scene of loose living ever to be a school of good breeding or refined manners. But the Puritan home loved the virtues that beget reverence in child for parent, and create the only soil on which the finer affections can flourish. The sternness of the Puritan was largely the creation of satire or political hate; we look at him through the eyes of Hudibras, or describe him in the terms of South or Sancerft. But within his own home or society he was a kindlier, gentler man than the dissolute cavalier, more void of the formal courtesies, more full of the graces born of good feeling. He hated bull-baiting and the coarse cruelties of the period—and who to-day will say he was wrong? He despised and denounced the stage of his time—and who will now defend the theatre of the Second Charles? He loved sober-coloured and unadorned garments—and has not time vindicated his as the finer taste and declared the cavalier's to be the more vulgar? If he disliked the noisy and the brutal, it did not mean that he hated or even avoided the playful. Nay, he loved the frequent jest, did not fear it in the home, or even in the pulpit; while he was not averse from the game that made the village happy, or the pastime that gave gaiety to the home. Indeed, we owe to the Puritan much of what in the English idea of the home is most beautiful. The religious unit to him was not the individual, but the family; the father stood before God as the representative of the household, responsible to Him for it, dealing with it as the creation of His grace, bound to maintain it in the grace wherein it stood. And so he was bound to love his children as God loved them, to train them in His truth, to exercise such discipline as should secure the order He approved. There are men still living who remember, with reverence and affection, indescribable families governed by those old Puritan traditions, and who know that within a strictness that was more a love of order than a desire for repression, lived a tenderness that made the severity that had now and then to be exercised more painful to the hand that inflicted than to the subject

that suffered. Take them all in all, the Puritans were not simply an heroic, but a gracious race, and England, alike on the field of history and in the sources of her happiest and most secret life, is the wealthier and the nobler for their being and their work.

Yet the legislation that turned the Puritan into the Nonconformist threatened to extinguish all the possibilities of good within him. If it failed to do this, it was only because what he thought to be grace was stronger than what he experienced of law. It is easy to be patriotic to a country that endows us with its richest favours; it is not easy to be dutiful to one which deals with us as a hard and hostile foster-mother. And England was such a mother to the Nonconformist, conceded no right which could be withheld, and placed in her meanest favours some fretful sting. The character forced into continued opposition, into chronic dissidence and difference, tends to become hard, obstinate, narrow; and if the tendency is not realised to the last bitter result, it must be because of some noble elements in the character, and in spite of the natural action of the opposing forces. Now, it is remarkable what elements of breadth as of strength Nonconformity has contributed to the English people and their history. The ultimate function of all churches is the creation of men, the formation of character. It is only the apologist or the doctrinaire who will magnify a polity till it becomes the essence or vital principle of the Church. The main matter that will ultimately determine all others is—what sort of men does it make? What are the ideals, the enthusiasms, it develops? What kind of citizens does it form for the State, and what manner of principles does it bring to the creation of its laws? These are tests Nonconformity need not fear; its churches are not churches of the State, but they have served the State better than if they had been, they have made good citizens, men dissatisfied with the evil of the actual, anxious to realise conditions more nearly ideal. In teaching men to obey conscience they have taught men to fear God, to prefer integrity to convenience, to honour sincerity, to do violence to no man's religious faith or force him for it to endure civil disabilities. In emphasising the ethical for the individual they have enforced righteousness as the law for peoples; in exalting the categorical imperative they have made men feel that the law for nations cannot differ from the law for persons. Among a people that so loves the customary and the conventional as the English, a body of men strong enough to distinguish conformity from religion and the Church of Christ from the Church of England, is an unmixed good, a witness to the higher and more abiding things in the midst of those who mistake fashions for realities. Without Dissent the English Church would have perished in deism or have merged in the English State. Some of her most honoured names—men whose thinking or whose action has entered as iron into her blood: her Butlers, Seekers, Maurices, Taits—have been supplied to her from without. She, too, is a witness to the beneficence of Nonconformity, and gratitude ought to make her respectful to so efficient a factor of her good.

The men, then, who are about to meet in council represent those whose historical place and work, alike for religion and people, England ought to be the last to dispute. Anything more monotonous, more reluctant to change—or, indeed, incapable of it—than an England dominated by the old idea of uniformity, could not well be conceived. There is movement because there is difference, unity because there is variety; but there is division only because the dream of uniformity governs the Church and affects the Legislature. Once this is abandoned, Nonconformity will cease, and happier, because fraternal and natural, relations will prevail. Meanwhile, this Council means that Nonconformity still believes in its own mission, and is seeking the means of more adequately fulfill-

ing it. Within its bosom the forces of protest, of progress, of personal purity and domestic virtue, of national freedom and duty, are still being born. Out of it have sprung some of the minds that have most profoundly moved our generation. Within it Carlyle learned his independence, his hatred of shams, his love of reality, his lofty ideal of duty, his impassioned faith in man and work; from it Ruskin learned the ethical passion which has inspired his criticism of art and his enthusiasm for a more ideal economy of labour, society, and man; within its bosom Browning was nurtured into his faith in God, freedom, and immortality, into his dislike of the conventional and devotion to the real. And as with man, so with movements; it is well that outside the arena of rival parties there should be generated the ideals that are to the practical and partisan politician despised and irritating quixotisms. These become the progressive and elevating forces in politics, and of these the appropriate birthplace has been Nonconformity. The belief in man and the faith in freedom as the condition of order and progress, the hatred of slavery and the determination to be rid of it at all costs, the love of the commonweal, and the clear insight into the impoverishing and repressive action of protective laws, the desire for peace, and the conviction that arbitration is better than war, the enthusiasm for morality in legislation, whether it concerns drink, or impurity at home, or opium, or any traffic unjust to lower races abroad—these, and things like these, Nonconformity has helped to make articulate and to supply the forces needed for their realisation. And if it has so acted and does still so act, surely the meeting of its representatives in council ought to be a matter of more than passing interest to the churches and people of England.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "LIFE."

THE heavy bereavement which has fallen upon Mr. Gladstone during the past week has been felt as a personal sorrow by thousands of his fellow-countrymen. At the moment when his own state of health was a cause of grave anxiety, he has been suddenly overwhelmed by one of the greatest sorrows to which mortals are liable. Death has taken from him his eldest son, a man who, though he had sat in Parliament for a score of years, was comparatively unknown to the public. To a wide circle of friends of himself and his illustrious father, Mr. William Henry Gladstone was endeared by qualities of no common order. His sterling worth was as conspicuous as his modesty; and he had made himself loved even by those who differed widely from him on political and religious questions. It is no ordinary loss which has thus fallen upon his father and his family. But even if the case had been different, and if there had been nothing to distinguish Mr. W. H. Gladstone from the great mass of his fellow-creatures, the feeling of distress which his death has occasioned among no small portion of the inhabitants of this country would have been hardly less keen than it is, for he stood in one sense nearest to his parents. He was the heir, and seemed to be the destined successor, of one whose hold upon the affections of the English people has never been surpassed by that of any other public man. It is natural and becoming that men of all parties should show their sympathy with Mr. Gladstone in his sorrow. But, remembering Mr. Gladstone's own age, and the shortness of the time which now lies before him, those who trust and follow him in the political struggle cannot but be moved by a special feeling of regret when they see his old age clouded by a grief like this. That he who has stood so manfully and so nobly in the front of the battle for so large a space of time, and whose conspicuous merit it has been to face the vicissitudes of fortune with unflinching courage and equanimity, will not now be found wanting in the possession of a

brave and patient resignation to the will of God, none can doubt. But he and his wife will be cheered in this hour of affliction by the knowledge of that universal sympathy of which they are the objects.

It is during the week when men's thoughts have by this stroke of Fate been so largely turned towards Mr. Gladstone, that we are presented with one of the most complete and succinct accounts of his extraordinary career that we have yet received. Mr. George Russell, whose contribution to the series of booklets published under the general title of "The Queen's Prime Ministers" is a Life of Mr. Gladstone, had many special qualifications for the work, which he has discharged with real ability. Himself a member of a family which has been so closely connected with the political life of our country, he has not only served in Parliament as one of Mr. Gladstone's subordinates, but has enjoyed for many years the friendship of his chief. We might, under these circumstances, have expected a Life more full of personal detail than Mr. Russell's book actually is: but he himself has explained the fact which is patent to all of us, that the time is not yet come when the real biography of Mr. Gladstone can be written. What Mr. Russell has done has been to give us a clear and intelligible account of the public career of his hero, and to accompany it by some of those sidelights upon his life and character which are always so dear to the reader. The result is a volume which we may specially commend as the most attractive and authoritative history of the man with whom it deals that has yet been given to the world.

It will be long before we can see that life in its real perspective. Great men, as Mr. Chamberlain once observed in a passage borrowed from another orator, are like mountains; and we must travel far before we can take in the clear and complete outline of the man who is still, happily, living amongst us, but whose career began when our fathers were in their youth. From the Eton schoolboy who was the leader of debate in "Pop" to the aged veteran who was discoursing only the other day on the subject of Colonial Bishoprics to a delighted audience of Churchmen, seems a far cry; and yet so full of active work has been the whole life of Mr. Gladstone, so unbroken is the chain of labour which it has witnessed, that the story of his achievements seems a simple one. The reconstruction of our fiscal system, by which the full benefits of Free Trade were brought within the reach of the English people and the fetters removed from our commerce, receives but scanty notice in Mr. Russell's volume; and yet if Mr. Gladstone had done nothing besides this great work, he would have earned a lasting place in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen. But it is forty years since this work was practically finished, and how much more of labour and achievement these forty years have witnessed! The enlargement of the Franchise and the establishment of the Throne upon the widest possible basis, the removal of the iniquity of the Irish Church Establishment, the freeing of the Universities, the readjustment of the Irish Land system, the abolition of Purchase in the Army, the establishment of a national system of Education—these surely are achievements comparable with any of which the statesmen of the past can boast, and in all of these Mr. Gladstone has taken the leading part. The introduction of a system of pacific Arbitration for the settlement of international disputes into the high policy of the world is a work about which men think comparatively little at this moment, but of which they will think more and more highly as time passes. The splendid victory secured by Mr. Gladstone between 1877 and 1880 when he saved his country from an iniquitous and ruinous war, and, almost single-handed, reversed the policy of a powerful Ministry, is an achievement over which men of all parties can even now rejoice, though they cannot yet do full justice to it. All these features of the life, the story of which has been sketched for us by Mr. Russell, may be said to belong to history. It is only upon one great and burning question that

the fierce flames of party passion are still brought to bear. But when, in the fulness of time, Mr. Gladstone's work comes to be weighed in the balance, there is no part of it which will seem to the eye of the impartial judge whose verdict will be given to posterity to have been of greater virtue, or more surpassing excellence, than the determined effort which has marked the last years of his life to put an end to the running sore of ages and to create in the breasts of the people of Ireland a feeling of cordial and trustful amity towards the people of Great Britain.

As we turn over the pages of Mr. Russell's book, finding cause here and there, we must admit, to dissent from his criticisms and his mode of viewing particular incidents in our history, we are struck with amazement at the fulness of the record which it gives us. That the span of a single human life should have seen so much attempted and so much accomplished is indeed wonderful. But it is when we turn from the man's work to the man himself that we see, though dimly, something of the greatness of the character of one who has adorned and still adorns our country and our generation. Many pleasant sidelights, as we have said, are thrown upon Mr. Gladstone's private life in Mr. Russell's pages, but perhaps the most valuable of them is the testimony he bears to the fervour of the enthusiasm with which those who know Mr. Gladstone best regard their friend and leader. Other great men have stamped their greatness upon the minds of the multitude, and have been steeped in an atmosphere of popular applause. This fate has befallen Mr. Gladstone in common with his great predecessors; but there has been none among them who enjoyed, in a more abundant degree, not merely the favour and admiration of the world, but the affection and veneration of those people—high and low—of all classes and creeds, and even of diverse political opinions, who have had the rare good fortune to be brought into personal contact with him. It was said not long ago that no stranger could understand Mr. Gladstone's character who had not talked to one of his private secretaries about him; and it is certainly true that no man has been more completely the idol of those with whom he has been brought into the closest communion of work and effort than he has been. When the story of his life is told, we believe that, whilst his achievements will be freely recognised as among the greatest in the page of our national story, the highest value and interest of the narrative will be found in its description of his personal and family career, the purity and simplicity of which have done much to elevate the standard of our social life, and in its appreciation of a character as lofty as it is complex, as heroic as it is sweet. In the meantime we have every reason to be thankful to Mr. Russell for his clear and able sketch of one whom he is justly proud to call his friend.

"THE STREAM OF PLEASURE."

A BERLIN Professor, who recently visited this country, and was conveyed from London to Oxford on a stean-launch, remarked, as he set foot on Salter's raft, that England's greatness rested on her Water-System, which he at once divided under the following five heads—(a) The Navy, (b) The Mercantile Marine, (c) The Metropolitan Fire Brigade, (d) The Thames, (e) The Morning Bath. Most of these can be further subdivided: and in the case of the Thames we have just read that "of the river above locks and within easy reach of a day from London, there may be said to be three zones—the first distinctly suburban, extending from Teddington through Kingston, Hampton and Chertsey to Staines; the second, from Staines through Windsor, Maidenhead, Marlow and Henley to Sonning; and the third from Sonning to Streatley. The favourite beverage among excursionists in the first zone appears to be bottled beer;

in the second, particularly above and below Maidenhead, champagne bottles may be observed floating in the stream; in the third honest stone jars of cider or shandygaff are felt to be more in accord with the landscape."

This passage occurs in a "Practical Chapter" which Mr. J. G. Legge has appended to the latest work on the Thames. Mrs. Pennell wrote the rest of the book, Mr. Pennell has crowded it with delightful illustrations, and Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has published it under the title which we have borrowed for this paper. And the lesson which it teaches is that the Thames will subdue itself to the mood of every man who travels along it, yet give itself away to no man. No stream gives the impertinent and unintelligent visitor so much satisfaction or so easily forgets his intrusion. Henley, blazing this week with colour, gay with the prettiest crowd that ever assembles in England, rioting in nigger-minstrels, fireworks and prohibitive prices, becomes again the drowsy little market-town that Shenstone knew. Not all the artists who have sat down in front of Ifley Mill or Pangbourne weir or Wargrave church can vulgarise those beautiful spots. Mr. Jerome's three men in a boat have gone yawping up the stream, consuming their own tomfoolery as they went and leaving no traces. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell are two Americans who thought they would like to write a book about the river. It was a harmless fancy: thousands had done so before them. They knew nothing of the Thames, so they took Mr. Taunt's "Guide," Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis," and the inspiring lays of Mr. Ashby Sterry. They knew nothing of the management of a boat, but they took one and bravely started down stream, with one eye on the danger-post and the other on the reading public. When they reached Wallingford they found Mr. William Black's name in the visitors' book at the "George." At Goring they turned to Mr. Sterry's lays and read

"When you're here, I'm told that you
Should mount the Hill and see the view;
And gaze and wonder, if you'd do
Its merits most completely."

At Pangbourne they quoted him again—

"O, Pangbourne is pleasant in sweet summer time,"

—again at Reading,

"'Mong other things, so widely known
For biscuits, seed and sauce,"

—again at Sonning, at Henley, at Boulter's Lock, and so on. The Thames had room enough for them, and they came to no hurt and have left plenty of room for others who know the river differently. There are backwaters around Oxford where a man may still "loaf and invite his soul" and listen from afar to the hoarse voices of the "coaches" exhorting their crews: there are bye-streams, curtained with reeds, where he may push his canoe and for a whole summer's Sunday see neither a record-breaker nor a sun-shade. He may choose, if he only care to learn, between good inns and bad, cockneyfied towns and villages and bits of real country where the inhabitants till the soil and pasture cattle, instead of letting out lodgings for their daily bread. When Mr. Legge lumps all the riverside, from Staines up to Sonning, into one "zone," and asserts that champagne is its beverage, we suspect him not of ignorance, but of wiliness.

As far as we know, two people only have been too dull to understand any one of the Thames's countless aspects. The first was the vulgar soul who first started a gondola upon it; the second was he who wrote a book and called it "The Royal River." For if there be one stream in the world that exists for the *demos* and is ruled by it, that stream is Thames. Windsor stands on its shore, but affects it not half so much as does the hairdresser's assistant, rowing by on his Saturday-to-Monday's outing. From the racing eights on Isis to the villa-residents that jostle under Kingston, all sorts and conditions of men use its waters as they will. Futile landowners

claim the water here and there as private, but we never met anyone who heeded them. The crowd at Henley is about as much "mixed" as it is possible to conceive. The refflorescence of the Loddon lilies is known to a hundred shopmen about the City as soon as to the man who owns the islands whereon they grow. All classes rise and sink together in Marsh Lock, or Boulter's, or Molesey. The rich lord can stretch a chain across the stream and block it as Shakespeare's Avon is blocked, by Warwick Castle. The Queen could not do it if she wished. Nor has the monarchy any great share in the traditions of the Thames—if we except that of Runnymede. Indeed, royalty has very wisely determined to let the river alone, and the German Emperor is not taken to Henley Regatta. It is half a pity, for he would learn more there about England, in twenty minutes, than he is likely to pick up in all the functions prepared for him: and possibly he might find the spectacle more amusing than all the unbecoming costumes by which his relatives alleviate the monotony of their attentions on successive days.

"The Stream of Pleasure" is a happy title for Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's volume. The experienced boating man may speak with more warmth of other waters. The Wye is more exciting; the Severn water is prettier to row in, quickening round the blade of oar or paddle as the Thames never quickens in any part of its course; the Avon, the Trent, the Ouse give lovely scenery with solitude; and there are weedy canals in this country where you may travel for days, opening the locks for yourself and falling in with "no assembly but horn beasts." Even the upper reaches of the Thames are quiet enough and possess some remarkably good inns: and the journey on which Thomas Love Peacock took his characters, in "Crotchet Castle," or the extended voyage of Mr. Black's house-boat, is hard to beat. But a man who has a decent affection for his fellow-creatures will never tire of the Thames. Few impulses can be more heartily approved than that which takes the Cockney hairdresser out to Molesey or even to Streatley and impels him to tug an oar and sweat in the open air. It is easy enough to laugh at him. He brings down his own manners and pays court to his "gal" in his own fashion. His remarks, when moved to sentiment by sunset or moonlight, are apt to resemble Mr. Jerome's. But the reflective mind can look beneath these blemishes and perceive that he is really working out his salvation. He goes back with a stronger arm and a browner face. He has lived in the open air for a couple of days; and in nine cases out of ten is a better creature for that reason. While the superior person, if now and then he tire of the various hymns of democracy, with their banjo accompaniments, can withdraw for a while among the lilies and waterfowl of "sedgey tributaries," or backwaters, such as exist by the hundred and may be found by one who has leisure to search.

CAN WOMAN BE CIVILISED?

ACCORDING to Feverel the elder, woman is to be the last thing civilised by man. This, of course, is a libel, and we have reason to believe that Mr. Meredith will presently be requested to withdraw it from the Pilgrim's Serip. Question: Who will ask him to do so? Answer: The League for Combating the Frivolities of Fashion. This League, as readers may have noted, was founded only the other day in Berlin, and membership is open to all who care to join in the crusade against the tyrant, "La Mode." Only ladies can be members, but gentlemen are admitted as "friends." Now, Feverel will admit that the sex has only to trample on La Mode to be civilised.

Do not, writes "Anon" to the editor, print any article on the superiority of German to English

women, because the former have decided to be done with Fashion. I am able to tell you that our own countrywomen are only a day behind in this matter, for no sooner had they heard of the German League than they started one on the same lines. I have just interviewed the Committee, and found them enthusiastic. Enclosed is the interview:—

"Your League, I suppose, is an adaptation from the German one?"

"Yes; it may be called so in a sense. Still, we should have started it long ago had we thought of it, so that our society is to all intents and purposes original."

"What are its intents and purposes?"

"Surely our title sufficiently explains that. As intelligent beings we feel that we have too long been over-ridden by the heathen Goddess, Fashion. We are flinging off her yoke, that is all."

"It is a great deal."

"We are confident that it will transform the world in a few months' time."

"As in Germany, you are only to have female members, I understand. Will not this lay you open to sarcasm?"

"Why should it?"

"Well, does it not imply that men need join no such League, because they are already superior to the fads of Fashion?"

"No; it only implies that we mean to civilise ourselves before we begin on the men. Besides, they are admitted as 'friends.'"

"Why?"

"What would be the use of our defying Fashion if no one was to know of it?"

"The 'friends' are expected to tell their friends?"

"Yes, men are such gossips."

"A 'friend,' of course, means not necessarily a friend of members but of the movement?"

"Certainly."

"You will have a large number of married 'friends.'"

"That is true, for they are joining in flocks. But how could you guess that?"

"There will be few bachelor 'friends,' however."

"There are none, and we cannot understand why."

"Oh, doubtless the reason is that men like to see pretty frocks until they have to pay for them."

"Can that explain it? How stupid, then, of both married men and single!"

"It is reasonable, surely?"

"Most unreasonable, for, of course, membership will prove rather expensive."

"I thought the entrance fee was to be a mere trifle."

"Yes, but——"

"And, of course, Economy is your watchword?"

"Certainly; but—consider the incidental expenses."

"Such as what?"

"Well, the dresses, to begin with."

"What? I thought you were to 'combat the frivolities of Fashion'?"

"So we are, and that means quite a wardrobe of new dresses."

"I don't see it."

"It is quite simple. The dresses now in vogue are absurdly fantastic, so we must take to something new. Of course, the Society's costumes will be simple in the extreme."

"That, at least, will please the 'friends.'"

"We are glad you think so, as we feared they might grudge the expense."

"It cannot be great."

"Oh dear yes! The simple costumes are the most expensive. You see, everything depends on a perfect fit. And then we shall be forced to have new dresses constantly."

"I don't understand."

"Surely it is obvious. To give the Society a good name, we must have everything made by the most

fash—the very best dressmakers. That will make the Society's costumes popular. In other words, they will become the fashion. Now you see?"

"Not quite."

"Why, is not our League established to defy Fashion? That being so, as soon as our dresses become the rage, we must adopt something different."

"I see. Are you to have an Anti-Fashion Journal, such as the one that is to be the organ of the German League?"

"Yes; the first number is already in the Press."

"Can you describe its contents to me? How unlike the other ladies' papers it will be!"

"Yes; it is being established to shame them. Well, with each number will be given a double-page coloured supplement of Anti-Fashion costumes."

"But is not that after the manner of the other papers?"

"It is quite the reverse. We said *Anti-Fashion* costumes. You can have no idea how pretty some of them are. Then we are to have a monthly interview with a dressmaker——"

"Just as the other papers have?"

"No. She will always be an Anti-Fashion dressmaker."

"But surely the dressmakers are in arms against you?"

"Quite the contrary. Why should they be, when we are giving them so much work? They have taken up the idea enthusiastically, and all the chief ones have joined the League. Would you mind coming back to finish this interview at another time?"

"Not at all."

"You see, we have an appointment just now for trying on the Committee costumes."

"There are to be Committee costumes?"

"Of course. Surely the Committee must have the courage of its opinions."

OPEN QUESTIONS.

II.—OUGHT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT TO BE CREMATED?

EVERY president of a debating society must, sooner or later in his career, have been struck with the paucity of subjects which are considered worth debating. The society gets through the first two terms of its existence easily enough, but after that it begins to repeat itself. I was president of a debating society once, and did my best to secure a little novelty. I took two of the old subjects, mixed them, and strained off the sense. The result was this: "Ought Capital Punishment to be Cremated?" That was why I lost the presidency, and had a vote of censure passed upon me. I felt like a combination of the Royal Martyr and Warren Hastings. I had been impeached, and I have always thought "impeached" a beautiful, fruity word. But the question which I had proposed was never discussed.

Now this was a pity, because there are many debating societies which are almost moribund for want of new subjects, and many new subjects can be made by the method which I had adopted. Here, for instance, is one:

"Is a belief in the existence of total abstinence consistent with a limited monarchy?"

There is all the succulent part of three old problems condensed into that one question. Here is one more instance:

"Should a man who kills another in a duel be considered guilty of the policy of the present Government?"

It is a method which I could justify fully by references to the "Ars Poetica" and to the works of Mr. Lewis Carroll. It may be objected that these are questions about which it would not be possible to argue seriously and logically; but debating societies have nothing to do with argument; they are simply intended to promote talk; and it is quite possible to talk about

anything. And if it is urged that we can talk without having debating societies, it may fairly be answered that we can also bore ourselves without the use of special apparatus, but that we yet have lawn-tennis and whist. No: the holy glow which goes all through a young man when he is first called an honourable gentleman would alone be a sufficient argument in favour of debating societies. This brings us naturally to the question "Ought Capital Punishment to be Cremated?" Perhaps those who think that it is not possible to argue about this question have been a little hasty. To commence with, it is improbable that I would pay the usual advertisement rates to discuss this subject in the pages of a weekly review unless I believed the subject to be capable of discussion.

I may admit at once that the historical argument cannot be used. In our debating society there was one young man who gained a precarious reputation for general knowledge by his references to the cantons of Switzerland. He told us that any measure which was proposed before the society had already been tried and had failed—or, if it suited his point better, had succeeded—in the cantons of Switzerland. It was a very long time before we found him out, but he was exposed in the end. This prejudiced me a little against the historical argument; but I abandon it now, not because of any senseless prejudice, but because there is absolutely no mention in any history of the application of cremation to the principle of capital punishment. If any one can prove the contrary, I guarantee to let him pay me the sum of £10,000, to be devoted to any good cause that I like to name. One turns naturally from history to prophecy, from the misrepresentation of the past to the miscalculation of the future. Here, too, I own that this subject has not yet been made the theme of conjecture. I take my stand neither on the past nor on the future. I pluck my argument, as it were, from the great, bleeding, palpitating heart of the present. I look to the vivid actualities of to-day, and I am inclined to think that cremation would not be applicable to capital punishment. For, from our present knowledge of the usual action of fire, it is certain that cremation would make a terrible ash of it.

But enough of statistics. It is true that I have used no statistics whatever, but I was always accustomed in our debating society to commence my peroration in this way. It is impressive. It seems to say: "I turn from prose to poetry, and both support my views." I always had my peroration written out, in a microscopical hand, on half a sheet of note-paper. Then, if the light was fairly good, I could deliver it fluently and without hesitation; it made it seem as if it came in one warm spontaneous gush from the heart. I had two forms of peroration; one was used when I was advocating progress, the other when I was advocating inaction or retrogression. Either of them suited any subject. I should consider that the advocacy of the cremation of capital punishment would be progressive, and so I shall give the progressive peroration. It is true that so far I have argued against, not for, such cremation; but it was common in our debating society to argue on one side and perorate on the other. This is the peroration:—

"But enough of statistics. When the Persian forces required to be driven into battle by the lashes of their superior officers, it was not hard to foresee that the ruin of that great Empire was at hand. I do not say—I would not even imply—that the ruin of an Empire more splendid even than the Persian is involved in the refusal of the measure which I am now advocating; but, if the last words of Goethe were not spoken in vain, we shall not need the lash to promote our advance—an advance which will find its goal, its conclusion, its climax, in the increased prosperity and welfare of mankind."

I do not think I have said anything which would tend to settle this question conclusively; I have left it quite open, as I was anxious to do. The world is

large enough for all of us. If any debating society cares to adopt my method of obtaining new subjects for discussion, it can do so without the payment of any fees. Indeed, the whole of this article has been written in order to encourage debating societies.

THE DRAMA.

BEFORE Coquelin left us last week opportunity was found for him to appear in one of the best of his more recent impersonations, that of old Poirier in Augier's famous piece. I must plead guilty to a warm partiality for *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* which prevents me from scrutinising it under the "dry light" of criticism. It was my first French play. My raptures must be left to the imagination: I will not describe them; for, after a certain essay of Elia, he must be a venturesome man who would expatiate on such a theme. Suffice it to say that this first evening of mine at the Français dates back to the Dark Ages, when Tomlins had not ceased from troubling, and Leicester Buckingham was not yet at rest. Delaunay, still making stage-love better than men thirty years his juniors, was the Marquis; Croizette, not yet "erept the stage," as old Donne says, was the Antoinette; and, of course, Gôt was the Poirier. Certain phrases—of no particular significance in themselves, nor of any importance in the play—still linger in my ears from that evening, owing, I suppose, simply to the charm with which they were delivered: Delaunay's "c'est du dernier bourgeois," Croizette's "Oh, la bonne bouffée du printemps!" and Gôt's "Je suis un vieux libéral, moi"! I even remember Poirier's wonderful waistcoat of sprigged-velvet, a more epoch-making garment for me than that scarlet waistcoat which Gautier wore on the first night of *Hernani*. At the Royalty I could hardly hope to recapture the first fine careless rapture of that evening at the Français. Mdlle. Du Minil, the Antoinette of the occasion, is an actress as intelligent as she is pretty, but she has not a tithe of the intensity, the feeling for dramatic situation, which, amid many shortcomings, Croizette never lacked. As for M. Valbel's Marquis, it was deplorably wrong; without distinction, elegance, the grand manner—above all, without that peculiar quality which the Greeks (especially when Alcibiades was in question) called *hubris*—a certain splendid insolence born of the conjunction of hot-blooded youth and blue-blooded descent—which is of the very essence of the Marquis's character. Jean Coquelin's Verdelet was a gallant attempt on the part of a lad of twenty to play a personage old enough to be his grandfather, and so was foredoomed to failure. But the elder Coquelin's Poirier made amends for everything. It was as good as—nay, let me be greatly daring, and say at once that it was better than—Gôt's; more subtle, more restrained, richer in "pawkins," in sly humour. Coquelin made the character alive in every nerve and fibre—not the easiest of tasks in the case of a type which is already moribund on the stage, and in real life has been dead these many years, though M. Ohnet and certain other belated observers may not, like Lord Chesterfield in the anecdote, "choose to have it generally known." The *bourgeois* who seeks to gratify his own social ambition by marrying his daughter to some titled and ruined spendthrift from the Faubourg St. Germain came in, I fancy, as a stock-type for novel and drama, in the "twenties" and the earlier days of Scribe (the return of the *émigrés* after the Restoration to a France in the hands of "new men" with money must have furnished many examples of the bargain, a dowry for a title, in real life). He flourished and waxed exceedingly fat under King Louis Philippe and King Balzac. In the first decade of the Second Empire (*Le Gendre de M. Poirier* dates from 1854) Augier pounced upon him with delight, showed him in all aspects—genial in Poirier, mean in Charnier (*Les*

Effrontés), truculent in Guérin (*Maître Guérin*)—but always treated him—much as Izaak Walton bade the angler put the worm on the hook—"as though he loved him."

Finally—his mission in life, after he had served Augier's purpose, being practically ended—it is to be presumed that he capitulated, with so many other outworn types, at Sedan. Contrast him with some prominent types of *bourgeois* who were his contemporaries in literature on this side of the Channel—the elder Osbornes, the elder Newcomes, the Pecksniffs, the Podsnaps, the Bulstrodes—and you shall perceive a difference not wholly soothing to British vanity. He has, at bottom, the same narrowness of ideals, the same ferocious egoism, as they have; but how much more human he is, more civilised, more urbane! He has not a trace of hypocrisy, only a very little of the servility which he inherited from his ancestor Georges Dandin (it is said, by the way, that Augier at first designed to call his study of Poirier *La Revanche de Georges Dandin*), plus a certain eighteenth-century epicureanism, as of a man who has read his Voltaire at school, and remembered a little of him, and a touch of sentimentality, derived, one fancies, not so much from Rousseau (whom he would surely disown, as conspicuously lacking in civic virtues) as from the chosen bard of the burgess-mind, Béranger. These reflections have carried me, perhaps, somewhat far from the Royalty performance; but it is the special virtue of good art, as one is never tired of observing, to suggest even more than it realises; and in that way, as in all others, M. Coquelin's Poirier is very good art indeed. For his final performance on Saturday last he elected to appear as Henri Duval in M. Bisson's farce, *Les Surprises du Divorce*, Englished some time ago for the Court Theatre by Mr. Sydney Grundy as *Mamma*. It was not an altogether commendable choice: amusing as M. Coquelin is in "mother-in-law farce," one feels that he is descending from heights where he stands alone and unapproachable to a level where he is only one in a crowd. Moreover, as a matter of detail, he was not so amusing as he might have been on Saturday afternoon, being by no means perfect in his words. But one could cheerfully forgive even more serious shortcomings than a few lapses of memory to an actor fatigued, as M. Coquelin must have been, by a fortnight of uninterrupted playing in a round dozen of plays. If the brief season of French plays has no other result, it will at least have served to remind Londoners that Coquelin the elder still remains, beyond all compare, the finest comedian of his day.

Because *The Scapegoat*, a dramatisation by Mr. Wilton Jones of a novel by Miss Gertrude Warden, deals with the subject of hereditary insanity, some ingenious critics have contrived to detect in it the pernicious influence of Ibsen. To my mind, the play has about as close connection with Ibsen's *Ghosts* as with Professor Pepper's. The protagonist of the much-discussed Scandinavian drama is not Oswald Alving, the son who goes mad, but the tortured mother, who in *The Scapegoat* is reduced to a mere *ficelle*, a string by which the stage-puppets are worked. And for the "soul's tragedy" of the great play we have—but it would be too cruel to pursue a line of comparison which ought never to have been suggested. One good scene there is in Mr. Wilton Jones's play, in which a mother, compelled to justify her inflexible opposition to her son's marriage, has to confess that his father is a homicidal maniac. Here an emotional crisis is truthfully and forcibly portrayed. But the author, unfortunately, has put all his psychological eggs into this one basket; and the rest of the play, dealing with the unhappy son's strange behaviour while his madness is still latent (he proposes to drown the mistress of his affections), and his violence, when it is at length declared (he half-strangles the lady and throws himself from an hotel balcony), is the merest melodrama. The fact is, as soon as the symptoms of madness exhibit themselves in a stage-

hero, there is nothing for it but to get him quickly out of the way—whether by Oswald Alving's bottle of morphia or by the usual method of a certificate from two physicians and a carriage to Colney Hatch it matters not, so long as his career is *per fas aut nefas* cut short. Otherwise, nothing can prevent him from turning the most promising of dramas into the vulgarest of "shilling shockers." A fairly strong company had been engaged for the single trial-performance of *The Scapegoat*, including Miss Florence West, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, and Mr. Lewis Waller; but the only noteworthy piece of acting was that of Mrs. Theodore Wright, as the agonised mother, a part which might have been expressly designed for the lady who first made her mark by her admirably natural performance of Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts*. A. B. W.

THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

LEAVING a wedding, we drove through the evening, talking of the women we knew, of their beauty, of the grace of leisured life. Never were my thoughts further from articles and art; so far were they, that I paid no attention when my friend told me, as we turned out of Park Lane into Piccadilly, that he was taking me to a picture gallery—to a private view.

I had not heard of the new "show," and was in no humour for study, and walked quickly through the rooms, seeing as I went familiar paintings—here a Millais, there a Herkomer, over the way a Shannon and a Boldini—things that I knew perfectly—things that did not interest me. But suddenly the pale beauty of two pictures dawned in the dreary air; their light was of a sanctuary, and I was led and held by the thrall of their magnetism. I knew both pictures; but life has always been to me a continual unfolding, and these pictures seemed to have acquired in years of absence beauties I had not seen before. Both were by Mr. Whistler—one was the celebrated portrait of his mother, the other was the portrait of Miss Alexander. The portrait of the mother, among artists, is a constant theme of conversation. It is believed by them to be one of the most astonishing pieces of painting ever accomplished. But while in the gallery I saw nothing but the less-celebrated because less-exhibited portrait—a little girl in a white frock upon a grey background.

Strangely original, a rare and unique thing, is this picture, and yet we know whence it came, and may easily appreciate the influences that brought it into being. Exquisite and happy combination of the art of an entire nation and the genius of one man—the soul of Japan incarnate in the body of the immortal Spaniard. It was Japan that counselled the strange grace of the silhouette, and it was that country, too, that inspired in a dim, far-off way those subtly sweet and magical passages from grey to green, from green again to changing evanescent grey. But a higher intelligence massed and impelled those chords of green and grey than ever manifested itself in Japanese fan or screen; the means are simpler, the effect is greater, and by the side of this picture the best Japanese work seems only facile superficial improvisation. In the picture itself there is really little of Japan. The painter merely understood all that Japan might teach. He went to the very root, appropriating only the innermost essence of its art. We Westerners had thought it sufficient to copy Nature, but the Japanese knew it was better to observe Nature. The whole art of Japan is selection, and Japan taught Mr. Whistler, or impressed upon Mr. Whistler, the imperative necessity of selection. No Western artist of the present or of past time—no, not Velasquez himself—ever selected from the model so tenderly as Mr. Whistler; Japan taught him to consider Nature as a storehouse whence the artist may pick and choose, combining the fragments of his choice into an exquisite whole—the exquisite intention

of the artist. Sir John Millais' art is the opposite; there we find no selection; the model is copied—and only sometimes with sufficient technical skill.

But this picture is throughout a selection from the model; nowhere has anything been copied brutally, and yet the reality of the girl is not sacrificed.

The picture represents a girl of about ten or eleven. She is dressed according to the fashion of about twenty years ago—a starched muslin frock, a small overskirt, pale brown, white stockings, square-toed black shoes. She stands, her left foot advanced, holding in her left hand a grey felt hat adorned with a long plume reaching nearly to the ground. The wall behind her is grey with a black wainscot. On the left, far back in the picture, on a low stool, some grey-green drapery strikes the highest note of colour in the picture. On the right, in the foreground, some tall daisies come into the picture, and two butterflies flutter over the girl's blonde head. This picture seems to exist in the seeing! I mean that the execution is so strangely simple that the thought, "If I could only see the model like that, I think I could do it myself," comes spontaneously into the mind. And this spontaneous thought is excellent criticism, for three-parts of Mr. Whistler's art lies in the seeing; no one ever saw Nature so artistically as he. Notice on the left the sharp line of the white frock cutting against the black wainscoting. Were that line away, how much would the picture lose! It is one of the joys of the picture. Look at the leg that is advanced, and tell me if you can detect the modelling. There is modelling, I know, but there are no vulgar roundnesses. Apparently, only a flat tint; but there is on the bone a light, hardly discernible; and yet this light is sufficient. And the leg that is turned away, the thick, chubby ankle of the child, how admirable in drawing; and that touch of darker colour, how it tells the exact form of the bone! To indicate is the final accomplishment of the painter's art, and I know no indication like that ankle bone. And now passing from the feet to the face, notice, I beg of you—it is one of the points in the picture—that jaw bone. The face is seen in three-quarter, and to focus the interest in the face the painter has slightly insisted on the line of the jaw bone, which, taken in conjunction with the line of the hair, brings into prominence the oval of the face. In Nature that charming oval only appeared in certain moments. The painter seized one of those moments, and called it into our consciousness as a musician with certain finger will choose to give prominence to a certain note in a chord.

There must have been a day in Mr. Whistler's life when the artists of Japan convinced him once and for ever of the primary importance of selection. In Velasquez, too, there is selection, and very often it is in the same direction as Mr. Whistler's, but the selection is never, I think, so strongly insisted upon; and sometimes in Velasquez there is, as in the portrait of the Admiral in the National Gallery, hardly any selection—I mean, of course, conscious selection. Velasquez sometimes brutally accepted Nature for what she was worth; this Mr. Whistler never does. But it was Velasquez that gave consistency and strength to what in Mr. Whistler might have run into an art of trivial but exquisite decoration. Velasquez, too, had a voice in the composition of the palette, so sober, so grave, reduced to three tints, and those used with such learned knowledge of every possible harmony obtainable from them. The palette of Velasquez is the opposite of the palette of Rubens: the fantasy of Rubens' palette created the art of Watteau, Turner, Gainsborough; it obtained throughout the eighteenth century in England and in France. Chardin was the one exception. Alone amid the eighteenth-century painters he chose the palette of Velasquez in preference to that of Rubens, and in the nineteenth century Whistler too has chosen it.

Then it was Velasquez who taught Mr. Whistler that flowing limpid execution. In the painting of that blonde hair there is something more than a souvenir of the blonde hair of the Infante in the *salle carrée* in the Louvre. There is also something of Velasquez in the black notes of the shoes. Those blacks—are they not perfectly observed? How light and dry the colour is! How heavy and shiny it would have become in other hands! Notice, too, that in the frock, nowhere is there a single touch of pure white, and yet it is all white—a rich, luminous white that makes every other white in the gallery seem either chalky or dirty. The black wainscoting was painted first, and then, with the white used very thin, the dress was painted; and where the shadows came the white has been lifted off with a dry brush. And when I examine the picture carefully I feel sure the canvas was prepared with some dark tint; on the forehead paint is thickest, under the roots of the hair it has been lifted off with a dry brush or lightly scraped. What an enchantment and a delight the handling is. How flowing, how supple, infinitely and beautifully sure, the music of perfect accomplishment. In the portrait of the mother, the execution seems slower, hardly so spontaneous. For this, no doubt, the subject is accountable. But this little girl is the very finest flower and the culminating point of Mr. Whistler's art. The eye travels over the canvas seeking a fault. In vain: nothing has been omitted that might have been included, nothing has been included that might have been omitted. There is much in Velasquez that is stronger, but nothing in this world ever seemed to me so perfect as this picture.

In a period of artistic decadence like the present, when, as I said last week, never in any age or country did men paint so badly, it is strange to find one artist standing out of his own day, great as anything in the past, projecting himself into the infinite future; professing an art wholly original and supremely beautiful. The phenomena is a curious one; it has been called attention to before, although, perhaps, not so ostentatiously as in this article. But I have written every word with due deliberation, and I know I do not exaggerate when I say that the question is, not whether Mr. Whistler is a great painter, but whether he stands as high as any that have lived yet in the world; the opinion of artists in Paris and London is that his work stands hardly on a lower plane than Velasquez', and the time has come for us to decide whether the century shall pass away without giving honour to its greatest artist.

My proposal is a simple one—that a subscription should be started to buy one or both of these portraits for the National Gallery.

G. M.

THE WEEK.

M. BLOWITZ, who still holds his own as the prince of journalists, and whose keen appreciation of the psychological moment constantly enables him to intervene exactly when his intervention is most likely to be effective, has, we hear, abandoned for the present his intention of writing either his autobiography or his "Paris Vivant." He has so much to say about notable living personages, and he means to say it, when he does write, with such absolute unreserve, that he feels he must wait, before taking up his pen, until he has retired from the active pursuit of his profession as a journalist.

THE death of MR. JAMES RUNCIMAN is a serious loss to the higher kind of journalism—the journalism, that is to say, which deals in a manner with the verities of life, and is informed by genius, personality, and special knowledge. MR. RUNCIMAN possessed all these characteristics. He had made the business

of schoolmastering his own, and he wrote on educational subjects in the spirit of an enthusiast. There was also a Bohemian side to his life and character, which gave singular freshness and insight to his pictures of seafaring life, and to the trenchant series of sketches of a London public-house, which contain some of the most direct and vivid writing of the day. His style had the boisterous strength and fulness of colour of the man's temperament, which, linked as it was to a giant frame and a wonderful physique, ran in extremes of high spirits and melancholy. MR. RUNCIMAN called himself a Conservative, but all his instincts were humanitarian, and he was as much a social reformer as a man of his artistic bent could well be. In his day he did excellent and varied work for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, and indeed for nearly every journal of repute in England.

THE Jubilee of Trinity College, Glenalmond, is to be celebrated in October. MR. GLADSTONE was the chief founder of this famous institution, and he is not without hope of being able to take part in the celebration of the Jubilee.

GREEK archaeology and topography were almost created as departments of knowledge by the labours of Englishmen of former generations. Yet much of English scholarship, for at least a century, has been described, not altogether unfairly, as that of the overgrown schoolboy, as being practically confined to verbal criticism and servile imitation of selected authors of selected periods. Recent work at Cyprus, at Naukratis in Egypt, and especially in Asia Minor, have gone far to remove this reproach. The British School of Archaeology at Athens, whose subscribers held their annual meeting in London last Saturday, is doing its part well. It has, indeed, somewhat broken with the "classical" tradition by undertaking the excavation of Megalopolis—which is almost post-classical—and has been rewarded by the discovery of a new fragment of the Edict of Diocletian, and of remains which refute a new and particularly irritating German theory—that the Greek theatre had no raised stage. Of course it laments the inadequacy of its means. One college at Cambridge has re-elected the Director to a Fellowship; but Fellowships are few, archaeology is as yet most emphatically not an educational subject, and it is too much to expect that men who have had the excitement of directing excavations, and, perhaps, making acquaintance with a phase of the Eastern Question, should come back and contentedly correct Greek and Latin exercises. There is all the greater need for a large increase in the number of subscribers, which ought to be assured by the interest in antiquity which just now is so marked a characteristic of the cultivated public.

IT WAS SAINTE-BEUVE who wished for two volumes of biographical details, criticisms, analyses, testimonies for and against, bits of letters, anecdotes and ana, concerning every great writer. He judged that such a compilation would give the best idea possible of an author's talent, character, and personality. In all likelihood, SAINTE-BEUVE was thinking how helpful books of the kind would have been to him in the race against time, which he won every week with his wonderful *causeries*. However that may be, M. EDMOND BIRÉ has produced a little cyclopædia about VICTOR HUGO exactly in the style of SAINTE-BEUVE's desideratum. The first part of it appeared many years ago, under the title of "Victor Hugo before 1830," and the second part—"Victor Hugo after 1830" (PERRIN)—has just been published.

M. BIRÉ has gathered together information of every description. He has had access to unpublished correspondence, and has ransacked the periodical literature of France for news or criticism of his subject. In this way he has been able to follow HUGO day by day; no detail, no date escapes him. In one point M. BIRÉ would not have pleased SAINTE-BEUVE. He is distinctly hostile to HUGO, and that with every opportunity to be impartial. Still, he has given us a rare example of patient research, which will doubtless serve a good purpose for some time to come.

A VOLUME of literary studies by M. OCTAVE LACROIX, entitled "*Quelques Maîtres Étrangers et Français*," has been published by MESSRS. HACHETTE ET CIE. The English "master" chosen by M. LACROIX is THOMAS MOORE. We are not disposed to deny that MOORE is a master of a kind, but to rank him with BOCCACCIO, LEOPARDI, and CERVANTES is hardly fair to these great names. Possibly it is his relations with BYRON which give MOORE the reputation he has in France. However, M. LACROIX has something to say—in an aside, as it were—of another English master, one of his essays being on "*The Double Anniversary of the Death of Shakespeare and Cervantes*."

THE traveller who writes under the pseudonym of M. PAUL BRANDA has published an eleventh volume of his very curious "*Réflexions Diverses*" (FISHBACHER). We have no exact parallel to these pamphlets in our literature. They consist of *obiter dicta*, anecdotes, apophthegms, epigrams, brief conversations, shaken together in a fine confused way. If a general leader-writer on an average London daily were to sift a year's leaders, and collect all the good things into a volume, it would not be more varied, nor less distracting, than M. BRANDA's entertaining little books.

THE second volume of the "*Memoirs of General Marbot*" (PLOX) cover the first part of the Peninsular War. The divisions of the book are entitled "*Madrid—Essling—Torres-Vedras*."

FOR twenty-four years DR. CODRINGTON laboured as a missionary in Melanesia, chiefly in Norfolk Island. The results of the observations and inquiries which he carried on during that time he has collected under the title of "*The Melanesians: Studies in their Anthropology and Folk-lore*" (Clarendon Press). DR. CODRINGTON frankly admits that he has his full share of the prejudices and predilections belonging to missionaries. His book, however, is not intended to have what is generally understood to be a missionary character. It is one of the first duties of a missionary to try to understand the people among whom he works, and to this end DR. CODRINGTON hopes his work on Melanesia may contribute something.

By instruction of the Trustees of the "Lightfoot Fund for the Diocese of Durham," MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. publish two volumes by the late BISHOP LIGHTFOOT—"Sermons Preached on Special Occasions" and "*The Apostolic Fathers*." The latter comprises the texts of the epistles of CLEMENT of ROME, of SAINT IGNATIUS, of POLYCARP, of BARNABAS, "*The Shepherd of Hermas*," and other patristic writings, with short introductions and English translations.

A TRANSLATION of MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF's letters will be published by MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. some time in the course of the current month. Their translation of the "*Journal*" has gone through four library and two popular editions.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

IN bright red, with a sphinx, pyramids, palm-trees, beetle, and the head of a fair Egyptian on the cover, appears "A Strange Tale of a Scarabæus" (KEGAN PAUL), by ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD. It is a poetical narrative, all in this dreadful metre:—

This my lot has been to roam,
Since my youth have grasped the brand,
Carving often, far from home,
Bloody footsteps in the sand.
Angus am I called.

We are afraid the critics will not be merciful to CAPTAIN HAGGARD.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have published a condensed translation, by MRS. ARTHUR WALTER, of MADAME DE BOVET'S "Three Months' Tour in Ireland." The book is profusely illustrated with woodcuts.

MR. HENRY B. WHEATLEY has expanded the late MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM'S "Handbook of London: Past and Present" (MURRAY) into three bulky volumes, constituting what is practically a cyclopædia of our metropolis.

MR. HENRY BRADLEY, the president of the Philological Society, is responsible for the first part of the third volume of DR. MURRAY'S "New English Dictionary" (Clarendon Press). This part, from "E" to "Every," contains 6,842 main words, 1,565 subordinate words, and 786 special combinations, amounting in all to 9,193. Twenty-five per cent. of these words are obsolete, and four per cent. alien or imperfectly naturalised.

HAS WALT WHITMAN adapted the title of his forthcoming volume of verse "Good-bye, my Fancy," from the wild Elizabethan poem "Hallo, my Fancy"? There is, at least, no doubt as to the source of the sub-title in "Second Annex to 'Leaves of Grass.'"

THE eighth volume of the "Adventure Series" (T. FISHER UNWIN) is nearly ready for publication. It will contain "The Story of the Filibusters" (American), by MR. JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, and the "Life of Colonel David Crockett," told by himself. COLONEL CROCKETT is remembered as an intrepid soldier, and the most picturesque figure of the American border life. He was renowned for a thoroughly Irish humour, with which he has enlivened his autobiography. MR. FISHER UNWIN has also in preparation "The Great Cockney Tragedy; or, The New Simple Simon," a satire, told in sonnets, by MR. ERNEST RHYS, and illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches by MR. JACK B. YEATS.

MANY publishers are now announcing the arrangements they have been quietly making for some time past in recognition of the establishment of International Copyright in America. Among others, MESSRS. CASSELL & CO. have arranged for the simultaneous publication on both sides of the Atlantic of a series of books by popular authors, among whom are included MR. R. L. STEVENSON, MR. CLARK RUSSELL, MR. CONAN DOYLE, MR. QUILLER-ROUCH, MR. J. M. BARRIE, MR. STANLEY WEYMAN, MR. FRANK STOCKTON, MISS PHELPS, MRS. MOLESWORTH, MRS. PARR, MRS. ALEXANDER, and MRS. L. T. MEADE.

THE *Athenæum* for July 4th is an important number, containing as it does the annual chronicle of Continental literature, thirteen countries in all being dealt with.

THE second number of the *Economic Journal*—the organ of the newly founded British Economic Association—is less concerned than the first with the

economics of the ordinary text-books, and gets more into detail than its predecessor. PROFESSOR MUNRO gives us reasons for believing that the eight hours day need not seriously restrict the output of coal, since new economies will probably be introduced into the processes (especially of winding), and higher prices will stimulate increased production. CANTILLON, whom few people know except from ADAM SMITH'S references, is dealt with in an appreciative paper by MR. H. HIGGS; PROFESSOR BASTABLE deals with the French tobacco monopoly, and similar monopolies, as means of taxation; PROFESSOR TAUSSIG with the McKinley Act.

MR. FARRER, the railway expert, lets us see how many railway problems there are before us, and how imperfectly prefaced, as compared with American experts, English railway men are for dealing with them; and MR. SIDNEY WEBB, in his "Difficulties of Individualism," makes the rather neat point that Individualism is more Utopian at present than its alternative, and falls on MR. COURTNEY, justifiably, for his ignorance of present-day Socialism, but spoils his article by the assumption that capital is in a few hands and always will be; just as if there were no investment trusts, and, indeed, no joint-stock companies at all. The list of all the articles on economic subjects published during the quarter is an excellent feature, and the *Review* cannot be charged with defective catholicity.

THE new publishing house that has just been established in London is not, as a weekly contemporary states, ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co., but ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE. MR. CONSTABLE, a grandson of SCOTT'S "prince of booksellers," intends to interest himself largely in works on Eastern subjects, and has in the press two volumes of a series to be called "Constable's Oriental Miscellany." He will issue, as a quarterly publication, "Annals of Indian Administration and Literature, and Record of Material Progress," and has in preparation several scholastic volumes destined for the use of native students in Indian colleges.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE "SUNDAY QUESTION."

SIR,—I have read with much pleasure your article on the "Sunday Question" in your issue of last Saturday. Allow me a few supplemental words. Much of the wickedness turning up in our police courts on Monday comes from not allowing the masses legitimate amusements on Sunday—their only vacant day. We have nothing to do with the Jewish Sabbath—it is *inter res preteritas*. The Christian Sunday is altogether an entity of another kind. We have no decree forbidding legitimate recreation on Sunday. It is a day of joy—because the day of the Redeemer's triumph. Heavy laborious manual work is forbidden on Sunday, and rightly. A day of spiritual triumph should be also a day of rest. But the opening of a library, a museum, a picture gallery, a park of plants and flowers, &c., on Sundays—say, from two o'clock to seven o'clock p.m.—would involve no heavy manual labour. I cannot see, therefore, why they should be closed to the masses, who cannot enjoy them except on Sundays. Surely everyone must admit the intelligent use of these places helps to make men both morally and civilly better. Why, therefore, close them on Sundays? The class who demand the closing of these places on Sundays willingly allow the railway, the tramway, the steamship, &c., to run on Sundays, though all these involve considerable physical labour. To close to the masses, who have but one vacant day in the seven, sources of improvement, both moral and mental, and involving no labour worthy of the name, is, in my estimation, not only not Christian, but destructive of the moral and civil interests of the community. Let, therefore, all instructive places, whose opening on Sundays implies no real labour—open or closed, the labour would be about the same—be opened to the masses. An idle Sunday is a dangerous Sunday. An old proverb tells us "that an idle brain is the Devil's workshop," and a man to keep himself straight should have a something to occupy him not only on Mondays but on Sundays also.

6th July, 1891.

SACERDOS HIBERNICUS.

LADY JANE.

(Sapphics.)

DOWN the green hill-side fro' the castle window
 Lady Jane spied Bill Amaranth a-workin';
 Day by day watched him go about his ample
 Nursery garden.

Cabbages thriv'd there, wi' a mort o' green-stuff—
 Kidney beans, broad beans, onions, tomatoes,
 Artichokes, seakale, vegetable marrowes,
 Early potatoes.

Lady Jane cared not very much for all these:
 What she cared much for was a glimpse o' Willum,
 Strippin' his brown arms wi' a view to horti-
 -Cultural effort.

Little guessed Willum, never extra-vain, that
 Up the green hill-side, i' the gloomy castle,
 Feminine eyes could so delight to view his
 Noble proportions.

Only one day while, in an innocent mood,
 Moppin' his brow ('eos 'twas a trifle sweaty)
 With a blue kerchief—lo, he spies a white 'un
 Sweetly responding.

Oh, delightful Love! Not a jot do *you* care
 For the restrictions set on human inter—
 —course by cold-blooded speculative old folks;
 Nor do I, neither.

Day by day, peepin' fro' behind the bean-sticks,
 Willum observed that scrap o' white a-wavin',
 Till his hot sighs out-growin' all repression
 Busted his weskit.

Lady Jane's guardian was a haughty Duke, who
 Clung to old creeds and had a nasty temper;
 Can we blame Willum that he hardly cared to
 Risk a refusal?

Year by year found him busy 'mid the bean-sticks,
 Wholly uncertain how on earth to take steps.
 Thus for eighteen years he beheld the maiden
 Wave fro' her window.

But the nineteenth spring, i' the Castle post-bag
 Came, by book-post, Bill's catalogue o' seedlings
 Mark'd wi' blue ink at "Paragraphs relatin'
 Mainly to Pumpkins."

"W. A. can," so the Lady Jane read,
 "Strongly commend that very noble Gourd, the
Lady Jane, first-class medal, ornamental,
 Grown to a great height."

Scarcely a year arter, by the scented hedgerows—
 Down the shorn hill-side, fro' the castle gateway—
 Came a long train and, i' the midst, a black bier,
 Easily shouldered.

"Whose is yon corse that, thus adorned wi' gourd-leaves,
 Forth ye bear with slow step?" A mourner answer'd,
 "'Tis the poor clay-cold body Lady Jane grew
 Tired to abide in."

"Delve my grave quick, then, for I die to-morrow.
 Delve it one furlong fro' the kidney-bean-sticks,
 Where I may dream she's goin' on precisely
 As she was used to."

Hardly died Bill when, fro' the Lady Jane's grave
 Crept to his white death-bed a lovely pumpkin—
 Climbd the house wall and over-arched his head wi'
 Billowy verdure.

Simple this tale!—but delicately perfumed
 As the sweet roadside honeysuckle. That's why,
 Difficult though its metre was to manage,
 I'm glad I wrote it.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.

Friday, July 10th, 1891.

"AS we hope, gentle reader, to pass many happy hours in your society"—this was the humble conditional clause with which, just fifty years ago, *Punch* introduced himself to the British public. The tone is apologetic: and perhaps it is natural to apologise before setting out to be funny. "The Clown," as Oliver Wendell Holmes somewhere remarks, "knows that his place is at the tail of the procession." Nevertheless it sounds oddly to us who, born since the year '11, have grown up with *Punch*, regarding his weekly visit as hardly less a matter of course than the recurrence of bed-time, and feeding on his back numbers until we can feel the old jests, it may almost be said, in our blood. We should as soon expect our fathers and mothers to apologise for their existence.

That the success of *Punch*, however, was a matter of sincere astonishment to his first editor is evident enough from the prefaces of the first two or three volumes. Their very jubilation betrays them. Nobody would write in such a cock-a-whoop fashion who had not previously trembled for his life. A wild rhodomontade was indulged in, which time has softened down into a fulfilled prophecy.—"People are asking the names of the contributors to our delightful pages. We will divulge them—in our hundredth volume!" Here is the hundredth volume out, and the names of most of those early contributors have long since been secure of immortality. There seems no reason why *Punch* himself should not go on to the end of the world.

Who did it? I suppose there is only one answer—John Leech. It was he, to begin with, who, in spite of Jerrold and Thackeray, established the tradition that the illustrations of *Punch* shall be three times as good as its letterpress, a tradition that, for all Mr. Anstey's efforts, continues strong to this day. That Leech's work should have beaten and lunged into the shade such writings as Mrs. Caudle's Lectures and Thackeray's burlesques is wonderful enough. But even more wonderful is his continued triumph over his own former efforts. The history of *Punch* up to November, 1864, is mainly the history of the growth of John Leech's skill and humour.

He worked for the paper from the first and barrel-organs killed him in his prime, in 1864. He was only forty-six, and had spent just half his life upon *Punch*. I think it will be granted that his early drawings—clever as they are—give hardly a hint of the development that was to come. Let me admit at once that as an artist he had his limits. In many respects Charles Keene began where Leech had to leave off and performed feats in black-and-white that Leech could hardly have dreamed of. But I can find hardly a limit to his humour that is not also a limit of kindness and sanity. Look at his earlier cartoons and his illustrations, for example, of the "Physiology of a London Idler" and then turn to one of the volumes filled with the doings of Mr. Briggs, of the precocious juvenile, of the charming young women in pork-pie hats. The gulf is immense, and perhaps there is no prettier amusement for a rainy afternoon than to sit close to a shelf of the old volumes and trace the growth of that beneficent imp, John Leech's humour. Pick up the one labelled '1846' and you may see it increasing here by a line, there by a dimple. Consider the over-eaten boy who complains "Oh, lor mar! I feel just exactly as if my jacket was buttoned." You may attend that

youth's progress through volume after volume with cumulative relish.

In the beautiful sentences which announced his death, mention was made of the irreparable loss to society—"society, whose every phase he illustrated with a truth, a grace and a tenderness heretofore unknown to satiric art." These same words may be applied to *Punch* itself, and higher praise could not be given. France has had wittier caricaturists, perhaps, than Leech's successors, and Frenchmen who look at *Punch* have often asked—and often with reason—where precisely the fun existed on this or that page. But it is, perhaps, not insular prejudice alone which detects a certain brutality, a certain lack of heart, in the very best of French caricatures. In Keene's and Du Maurier's drawings the humour has now and then been far enough to seek, but never the sympathy. Even Maude and Sir Gorgius Midas have been chastened with a kindly hand; while as for Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, who can doubt that Mr. du Maurier himself is in love with this fascinating, if unvaracious, lady.

Perhaps the most marvellous stroke of luck in all *Punch's* career was that Charles Keene stood ready to take up Leech's pencil. Keene's humour was never quite irresistible, as Leech's was: but its geniality came from a heart that surely was the twin-brother of Leech's. What shall we do without him? For week by week it grows more sadly plain that there is no successor. The clever young artist who signs himself E. T. R. has very much more to learn, even in the matter of humorous observation, than had Keene when he sent his first sketch to *Punch*. The fussy old lady, the choleric cabman, the street boy, the omnibus-conductor, the vinous old gentleman, the sapient rustic—must these disembodied spirits wander hereafter on the shores of Styx? but these questions are too gloomy for *Mr. Punch's* Jubilee.

There is, on the other hand, plenty in which we may still rejoice. Tenniel still draws and still astounds us, every now and then, with his very best, as in that noble cartoon of Bismarck going down the ship's side—"Dropping the Pilot" was its title. Sambourne's fancy is as riotously rich and his outline as fine as of old: and a more cunning hand than Harry Furniss's has never drawn for *Punch*.

Punch, too, as long as he keeps outside of the theatre, is the same old friend, bringing down his bâton on abuses as he brought it down in 1844 on Peel and the *Morning Post* and all the apologists of duelling. Even the lamentable trick of inserting in the letterpress paragraphs which smell like rank advertisements does not seem to have hurt his independence. May he live, at any rate, long enough to witness the cleansing of Mud-salad market!

To close the eyes and think of the contents is to call up the pleasantest panorama that I know. Except "Pickwick," much of whose spirit has passed into three hundred volumes and diffused itself over their pages, and there is nothing to compare with it. There is Mrs. Caudle, and George de Barnwell, and the Fat Contributor; there is Leech's street boy, who, being told by the sentry, "You must move on," replies, "Yah! but you mustn't"; there is Keene's workman, who, gazing up at the comet, invites his fellow to step over the way, because "you catch en sideways, here"; there are Doyle's and Bennett's graceful fancies. There is the hero of "Happy Thoughts"—most 'realistic' hero in fiction—with all the splendid nonsense of "Chikkin Hazard" and "Strapmore"; there is Mr. du Maurier's incomparable Alphabet, and his bevy of well-bred beauties;

there are Tenniel's lion, Furniss's M.P.'s, and Anstey's reciter—the list is without end. Let every man hope to live to *Mr. Punch's* centenary. C.

REVIEWS.

A NEW VIEW OF CO-OPERATION.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN. By Beatrice Potter. (Social Science Series.) London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MISS BEATRICE POTTER has done a great service to students of social experiments. For half a century the peculiarly British Co-operative Movement has lain across the path of economists and politicians. For over a generation it has engaged the sympathetic attention of statesmen and philanthropists. The twenty-eight "Pioneers" of Rochdale have won for themselves a picturesque chapter in the odds and ends which make up all that we yet have in the way of a real history of the nineteenth century. Co-operative progress has become a newspaper commonplace; Co-operative failure a constant theme for the cheap superiority of journalist ignorance. "Histories" of Co-operation we have had enough of, and to spare, but Miss Potter's recent lectures at University Hall, which form the basis of the present volume, constituted almost the first serious attempt to seize the real significance of the Co-operative Movement in its relation to the other developments of the century of Democracy.

The treatment of Co-operation by the writers of economic text-books has hitherto been a curious mixture of ignorant flattery and patronising contempt. The persistent success marked by thirteen millions of capital and a million members could not be denied, although industry carried on under Democratic control by a merely salaried service was contrary to all the postulates of economic authority. The extravagant accounts which the Co-operators themselves gave of their panacea were obviously absurd, and the "Co-operative Faith" appeared mere sentimental moonshine. When the economist consulted his business friends, he found that financiers and captains of industry were scarcely aware even of the existence of the Co-operative trade which had loomed large to the academic mind, and that they ridiculed the very idea of their workmen coming to be their masters. But the Co-operative Movement was, at any rate, "safe," and respectably British. It was too pretty a solution of industrial difficulties to be lightly given up, even if not understood; and hence we have the chapters on Co-operation in our economic text-books in which each succeeding economic writer has almost blindly followed his predecessor.

Miss Potter has taken a new line. Setting aside both the rhetoric of the Co-operators and the second-hand criticisms of the Economists, she has gone straight for the actual facts of the Movement, and has sought to disentangle that which is essential from the merely accidental and temporary features of its development in Great Britain. All through the volume, she endeavours to view Co-operation as one among the many outcomes of the Industrial Revolution. The result is that she has produced, not so much a detailed history of the Co-operative Movement, as a scientific exposition of its real position in the progress of Democracy. It is not too much to say that the relation of the Co-operative Store to the Trade Union, the Municipality, and the State have never before been presented with any satisfactory precision. Miss Potter, if we mistake not, has succeeded where her predecessors have failed, and has found for Co-operation both an economic and a political basis.

The early Co-operators started with vague dreams of an industrial millenium in which the interests of buyer and seller, producer and consumer should have become identical. This dream it is—constantly

reiterated by the survivors of the enthusiastic band of "Christian Socialists"—which the economists and the public have found both absurd and insincere. The Co-operators are always boasting of their success; but where have they made the interest of the artisan that of the consumer? Even the practical compromise of "profit-sharing" the vast majority of successful Co-operative businesses refuse to adopt; and so Judge Hughes regretfully proclaims that the Co-operators have fallen away from the true faith, and the British public not unnaturally regard them as no better than other successful shopkeepers.

Miss Potter, however, regards the "Christian Socialists" of 1850 as an almost accidental intrusion upon the already successful Co-operative movement. So far were they from imitating it or supplying it with principles, that they never really grasped its essential features. The well-meant enthusiasm of this noble group of barristers and divines has even done harm by confusing the minds of Co-operators and the public, and by constantly endeavouring to divert the growing movement into a new and impossible channel. The social problem which the Co-operators set out to solve was the dependence of the individual workman upon the possessor of capital. The Industrial Revolution had deprived the independent worker of his industrial freedom, and made it necessary for him to enter an industrial army which he did not control. The "Rochdale Pioneers" and their successors aimed, often without exact consciousness of what they were doing, at replacing the individual direction of this industrial army by the collective control of the whole mass of citizens organised as consumers. They had caught from Robert Owen the idea of completing the Industrial Revolution by the elimination of the profit-maker. Having themselves been reduced from independent producers to wage-servants, they sought to change also the profit-making *entrepreneur* into a salaried manager, and to carry on industry, as the nation now carries on war, not for the benefit of the captains, but for that of the whole community. The addition of representative self-government to Owen's economies brought, in fact, the Co-operators into line with Chartism and the other Democratic developments of the time.

The Christian Socialists, on the other hand, ignoring the rapid supersession of the small industry, sought to revive the "self-governing workshop" of the last century. When their little associations of craftsmen almost uniformly failed, the illogical compromise of "profit-sharing" received their support as a partial recognition of the workers' share in the business. But the great bulk of the Co-operators have remained true to their vision of an Industrial Democracy, where the worker does not govern himself, but serves a community, in the administration of which he has his due part as a citizen, and the benefit of which he gains, not as profit-sharer, but as consumer.

What each of these two schools has accomplished Miss Potter shows in her chapters on "The Store" and "Associations of Producers." The Democratic, or "Federal," form of Co-operation has a trade of nearly forty millions a year, including about three millions of manufacturing industry. The "Individualist" associations of producers have a total turnover of less than half a million. But this want of growth is not the worst aspect of their case. Miss Potter examines in detail the character of each of the fifty-four existing Co-operative Productive Societies of this type, and finds all but eight of them marked by anything but Co-operative principles. Many of them are merely combinations of small masters, employing the labour of non-members for their own benefit. Some are even "sweaters"; others evade the Factory Acts. In few have the actual workers any real control. So far from these associations of producers being the adherents to the true faith of Co-operation, Miss Potter regards some of them as constituting a possible disgrace to the

movement, and all of them as serving chiefly as a warning against imitation.

This part of Miss Potter's work will doubtless provoke controversy in the Co-operative world. The same may be said of the final chapter, in which she speaks frankly from a Socialist standpoint, and points out the necessary limits to the voluntary form of Co-operation, and its analogy to Municipal Socialism. Indeed, the whole volume is full of suggestion both to Co-operators and to politicians. It does not express the final word, but it is without doubt the ablest and most philosophical analysis of the Co-operative Movement which has yet been produced.

We have, however, two serious complaints to make against Miss Potter as an author. A volume of this kind ought no more to go out without an index than a lady without her gloves; moreover, even female authors must learn to give full and exact references to all their authorities. And it may be suggested that, if Miss Potter read her own proofs, she has supplied an argument against the employment of women as correctors of the press, for she has overlooked a good many minor misprints. On the other hand, the maps and statistics are beyond all praise. The volume is one of the very best of what is now becoming a really useful "series."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RIGHT.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RIGHT. By Diodato Lioy, Professor in the University of Naples. Translated from the Italian by W. Hastie, M.A., B.D. Two volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited. 1891.

IN English schools of law, the science or philosophy of the subject is expounded with special reference to the works of Bentham and Austin. These dead yet sceptred sovereigns have not been formally dethroned; but the defects in their method are now very generally recognised. They founded their legal theories on a narrow and dogmatic utilitarianism; they knew far too little of the history and the practice of English law. With all their faults, they did good service to the cause of legal study and law reform; but their writings must be critically used, and carefully supplemented from other sources. In selecting the work now before us for translation, Mr. Hastie has made a valuable addition to our text-books of jurisprudence. Professor Lioy is a man of wide culture, well read in philosophy and history; there are chapters and passages in his book which any student of law may read with interest and profit. Of the work as a whole we cannot speak in terms of unqualified praise: it is too wide in its scope, too miscellaneous in its contents; the number of topics introduced is so large that some of the most important are inadequately treated.

After a short and merely provisional explanation of what is meant by public right, private right, etc., the author proceeds to consider the principles on which, as he says, every moral and juridical edifice rests. Two long chapters are devoted to metaphysics and ethics; under these headings we are presented with a compressed history of philosophy from Plato to the present day; it is only in his third preliminary chapter that Professor Lioy enters on the special subject of his treatise. From these somewhat lengthy prolegomena we pass to the "objects of right," by which term the author denotes those acts and occupations of men with which the jurist is called upon to deal—religion, science, art, industry, commerce, morality, and justice. We have derived a good deal of information from this part of the book, but if we are to consider it from the jurist's point of view we must, at the risk of seeming ungrateful, remark that it reads too much like a treatise on things in general. It is, of course, desirable that a student of law should start with some clear notions about religion, morals, and political economy; but if these subjects are introduced into a work on jurisprudence, they should be treated briefly and rather dogmatically; historical detail and discursive comment, though

good in themselves, are here out of place. Law, as Chief-Justice Coke reminded his royal master, is a particular thing, and law-books should, we conceive, be written as for a reader who is taking up a special subject after a course of general study.

After describing the objects of right, Professor Lioy devotes the second part of his treatise to the subjects of right, that is, the persons and societies included within the scope of juridical science—individuals, families, orders and classes, local communities, states, the society of civilised states, and humanity, regarded as a vast association embracing the whole human species. The family is treated as a primordial fact; Bachofen, McLennan, and other writers of the same school, are at once put out of court. "We can oppose whole volumes of histories and legends to the passages taken from the ancient writers; and as regards the observations of travellers, we may reply that these are peculiar facts dependent on the degeneration of the races." This is not a convincing style of argument; and indeed the whole account of the family and the nation, as here given, is pervaded by a certain laxity of thought. In explaining the difference between state and nation, the author quotes with approval the doctrine of Mancini that there are two kinds of states: "those which are the product of force or consent . . . and those which are the creation of nature, or national states." Here the term "nature" is used, as it frequently is used in political reasoning, to give a quasi-moral authority to purely conventional arrangements. Mancini would hold that the Italian nation was "created by nature;" but the Italian State was founded, as we know, by the "force" of French arms, and by the "consent" of the smaller states to place themselves under the leadership of Piedmont. He would probably describe the British Government of India as the "product of force;" but the force which made it was "created by nature;" our Empire exists because Englishmen and Hindoos are what they are. Lax notions of "nature" as a source of law are combined with equally lax notions of "humanity" as a subject of law. We can imagine, says Professor Lioy, a vast association, embracing the whole human species. So we can; but there is in fact no such association; if we introduce the idea into a juridical theory, we give a vague and indeterminate character to the rules of international law—rules which may be made perfectly definite if we are content to found them on the actual usage of civilised states.

In his references to English institutions, Professor Lioy is not always accurate; the translator might well have taken the liberty to bring his author's statements into somewhat closer accordance with facts as they now stand. Church rates are not now "levied even from dissenting parishioners" (i. 184). Proxies are no longer permitted in the House of Lords; and the Queen has no right to appoint a life peer, with a seat in Parliament, except under the authority of the statute relating to the appointment of Lords of Appeal (ii. 150). Military tenures were abolished in 1660; but we do not know what is meant by the statement that "servile prestations" were abolished at the same time (ii. 86). The Act of Charles II., by which all free tenures were turned into common socage, has no application to base or servile tenures.

Errors in detail are perhaps inevitable in a work which covers so large a field of inquiry, but they should not continue to appear in a work which has passed through several editions and been translated into several languages. Mr. Hastie dedicates his translation to the memory of Professor Lorimer, of Edinburgh, an eminently philosophical jurist who did something in his day to shake the authority of Bentham and to widen the minds of English lawyers. We have not been able to express entire approval of Professor Lioy's "Philosophy of Right," but we recognise it as a book having a certain value of its own: it should find a place in our libraries beside Lorimer's "Institutes of Law."

A PRODUCT OF YOUNG JAPAN.

JAPAN AND THE PACIFIC, AND A JAPANESE VIEW OF THE EASTERN QUESTION. By Manjiro Inagaki, B.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

THIS work is a typical outcome of the movement which has developed the present youth of Japan. Eagerness for the acquisition of knowledge is as integral a part of the Japanese nature as is the love of art. The same spirit which made the people adopt all that China had to teach, at the time when they first became acquainted with Chinese civilisation, has lately induced them to attempt to master and appropriate all the wisdom and experience of Europe. Admirable as is this taste for higher knowledge, it has its drawbacks. It tempts its votaries to try to fly before their pinions are fledged, and supplies the mind with a mental stimulant which it cannot properly assimilate. We are all acquainted with clever youths who are "cocksure" on every question, and are prepared to lay down the law on all subjects, from Chinese metaphysics to the A B C. This is precisely the condition of the youth of Japan at the present time. They have imbibed such wholesale doses of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Professor Seeley, and others, that they feel fully competent to pronounce *ex cathedra* judgments on matters on which European statesmen and philosophers are chary of giving decided opinions.

Only thirty years divides us from a time, when the Japanese scarcely knew of the existence of the nations of Europe, and now we have Mr. Inagaki taking up, next to the Schleswig-Holstein question, one of the most difficult problems of European politics. With the assurance of an expert and the confidence of a boy, he passes in review the policies of Palmerston, Gladstone, Salisbury, and a host of lesser lights, and awards praise and blame with inimitable *naïveté*. His first chapter is on Japan and the Pacific, and in this he finds considerable fault with the conduct of England in the far East. The Arrow war was in his opinion indefensible, and the occupation of Port Hamilton was "a still more striking example of English loose law and looser notions of morality in regard to Eastern nations." The whole Eastern policy of England, including, we suppose, the opening of Japan, is held up to opprobrium. But Mr. Inagaki forgets that but for our action in his native country he might at the present time, instead of being able to lay down the law in the safe and quiet quads of Caius College, have been subject to all the evils of an Eastern despotism, surrounded by double-sworded Samurai, and liable at any crisis of his career to be called upon to commit Harakiri.

In his opinion Japan is the key of the Pacific, and, so far as we are able to gather from his writing, Formosa holds the next place in importance. But his ideas are evidently gathered from many sources, and remind us of the experience of an English official in Japan, who, being much struck by the well-expressed letters in English which he received from natives, inquired into the mode of their composition, and then found that the writers had collected a large number of English letters from which they picked out phrases as these were wanted. In a note such a system may work well, but in a book it imparts to its pages a mosaic style which is somewhat confusing. We could not, Mr. Inagaki considers, occupy Chusan, so we made the mistake of taking possession of Hong Kong. What we ought to have done, in his opinion, would have been to annex Formosa, leaving, we suppose, Hong Kong to the mercy of France or any other foreign Power, which would then be able at any time to intercept our communications with Singapore. This would be much as though we were to give up Gibraltar and hold Malta, or to evacuate Aden while continuing to occupy Egypt.

Mr. Inagaki is not quite clear as to our position in the North Pacific. On page 63 he gives it as his opinion that we cannot secure absolute power in

the Pacific; but he had apparently forgotten, when he wrote this, that on page 37 he had stated that "England now holds complete sway both commercially and navally in the Pacific." And then, with perfect impartiality, he goes on to say, "Lord Salisbury's policy is worthy of all praise, together with Mr. Gladstone's original scheme"—i.e., the occupation of Port Hamilton, which, as we have seen, he elsewhere condemns utterly. But it has a redeeming feature in that "if the scheme had never been originated, there would not have been so firm an Anglo-Chinese alliance as there now is."

Passing at one bound from Eastern Asia to Europe, Mr. Inagaki enters with enthusiasm on the troubled waters of the Eastern question. For him the complexity of the matter has no terrors. *Currente calamo* he sketches the history of the dispute, and puts his finger with unerring instinct on the mistakes made by European statesmen. General Ignatieff evidently stands high in his opinion, and he favours us with sayings of that astute diplomatist which, we should imagine, cannot have been drawn from other than apocryphal sources. Of the Treaty of Berlin the author takes pains to assure us, with admirable truth, that "it seems to me to be virtually a repetition and revision of the conditions of the European concert in the Eastern question." Generally he approves of the treaty, though he is surprised that Crete was not ceded to Greece; but just as the occupation of Formosa is the key to supremacy in the China Sea, so a railway from Constantinople to Bussorah is the true solution of England's difficulty in the East, and Mr. Inagaki wonders how the project "escaped the mind of so clever a statesman as Lord Beaconsfield."

We have no wish to be hard upon Mr. Inagaki, but it is difficult to treat his book seriously. It is a crude attempt to deal with a subject of which he has, and can have, only a very superficial knowledge, and, if published at all, should have been published in Japanese for the benefit of his own countrymen. For them, the historical facts which he has collected would be of interest, while to us the only portions of any value are the pages in which he describes the material progress which has been made by Japan in recent years. On one point we can cordially congratulate him, and that is his knowledge of English. He very rarely falls into solecisms, and his style is entirely free from those exaggerated inflations which so commonly deface the early efforts of Oriental writers in our language.

A GOOD TALE.

HASSAN LE JANISSAIRE, 1516. Par Léon Cahun. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1891.

SEARCHERS for good French story-books that are neither Zola-ish nor Gyp-sy, nor yet too Jules-Verney nor too goody-goody, are in luck when they fall in with M. Cahun, the librarian of the Mazarin Library of the Institute of France, some of whose books of historical adventure have even found their way into English. His "*Bannière Bleue*" told of the Mongol conquests in Asia; "*Les Pilotes d'Ange*," Englished if we recollect aright, was Mexican; "*Les Mercenaires*" romanced of the campaigns of Hannibal; his "*Excursions sur les bords de l'Euphrate*" gave many of the results of his scientific missions; and "*La Vie Juive*," of which the author is naturally proudest, is a serious and well-illustrated contribution to the endless question of the eternal race.

The present story of "*Hassan the Janissary*" is, by a detested publisher's trick, undated on the title-page, but M. Cahun has taken care to date his useful preface "*Mars 1891*." Dolma Hassan, Hassan of the Vines, is the Turkish name imposed on Yourgui, the youthful son of Frank Spiro, a Christian Shkip of Albania, pressed into the Turkish Army under the old recruiting law called the *devshermeh*. Drafted into the Ajemi-oglans, or Barbaric boys, a foreign-legion sort of cadet-corps for the Janissaries (= Yani-cheri,

new troops), he, like all the rest of his comrades, soon blossoms into a rabid Moslem and devout son of Saint Bektash, who, according to a disputed tradition of the bektashî dervishes, gave their *tâj* or white sleeve-cap, with its golden spoon and nape-flap, to the Janissaries. He fights in the campaign of Selim I. against the Mamelukes in Syria and in Egypt, and is promoted a full Janissary on the field, when only nineteen, at the battle which crushed the last Mameluke Sultan, the valiant Tumanbaï, at Gizeh in 1517.

The great corsair Dragut, the Turkish Drake and Jean Bart of those days, with his Lieutenant Dare-Devil, are also in the tale. The motion is of the rapidest and fightingest throughout; the colouring rich and truthful, and the Eastern twang and echo grateful enough to those who have once tasted of the Orient: or who, like M. Cahun and his reviewer, must own-up to Turkish sympathies, limited. Although the Turkish terms and phrases are fully enough explained throughout, M. Cahun need not be afraid to add a small glossary to his future editions. We do not remember better battle-pieces in pen-and-ink than the breathless account of the beating of the Mamelukes at Merj Dabik (p. 159, etc.) and their final crushing among the pyramids (357); and all that passes in Aleppo the Grey and the Well-guarded is worthy of, worthier than very much of, the Arabian Nights.

The always execrated *devshermeh* pressgang, which hooked-in with its cruel tackle the Christian youth of Bosnia, Albania, Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Epirus alike, fell into disrepute after the culmination of the Turkish Empire under Soliman the Magnificent; and at length exchanged itself for an exemption-tax in lieu of military service—the *bedel askerich*, which we found in Cyprus and upheld there. It is an evil tax both in its inception and in its incidence as a capitation, and ought to be doomed whenever revenue will admit of its abolition.

HUMOROUS BOOKS.

1. THE BACHELORS' CLUB. By I. Zangwill. London: Henry & Co. 1891.
2. THE DIARY OF A PILGRIMAGE (AND SIX ESSAYS). By Jerome K. Jerome. Bristol: J. W. Atrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Kent & Co.
3. THREE WEEKS AT MOPETOWN; OR, HUMOURS OF A HYDRO. By Percy Fitzgerald. London: Henry & Co. 1891.

"In writing '*The Bachelors' Club*,'" says Mr. Zangwill in his prefatory caution, "I have not so much had in view the public interest as my own." The public, however, may be very well contented; for it is impossible to read this book without being delighted with it. Like all books—with the exception, perhaps, of time-tables and small dictionaries—it does not always maintain the same level. But it is full of good things; the humour is bright, fresh, and spontaneous; while "the subject of the work"—we quote once more from the preface—"is one that is full of interest, especially to readers of either sex."

The first page of the prologue tells us that this was a club in which all the members, without exception, were bachelors: the last words of the book are *Marriedum est omnibus*. The rest of the volume, as might be surmised, is occupied with an account of the defection and treachery of the members. They commit matrimony from the maddest motives—in fact, from any motive except a usual one. Some of them only give in after a struggle. "Come at once, in Heaven's name—I am marrying," is the despairing telegram which one of them sent on the eve of his happiness. One of the funniest things in the book is the table showing how to live on certain annual incomes. For the explanation of its mysteries we must refer readers to the book itself. At first sight, it is a little difficult to see why the man with £300 a year should spend £37 on liquorice, or why the possessor of an annual income of £150 should spend £5,000 on theatres; but it is all explained

The last of the bachelors marries in order to purify and elevate English humour. This is explained also.

One of the six essays which are to be found at the conclusion of "The Diary of a Pilgrimage" is called "A Pathetic Story." It tells of a writer who was able to do good work, but who intentionally wrote what was conventional and bad, because he found that it paid better. It is perhaps true that the majority of English readers laugh most at the jokes to which they are accustomed. It is perhaps true that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is capable of really good and original work. It is absolutely certain that he has given us very little of the sort in this dreary volume. Many of the illustrations represent people who are tumbling down, or who have tumbled down; much of the letterpress reaches to just this level of humour. There are amusing passages on the subject of sea-sickness, bands, and conversation-books. (Will the public never be tired of them?) As the book tells us how Mr. Jerome went to see the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, some part of it is serious: and this part is not more pleasing, for the writing, whether it is intended to be amusing or not, is forced and unconvincing. Mr. Jerome frequently uses "like" for "as"; possibly he justifies it. "What you will think after you have read the book, I do not know; indeed, I would rather not know," he says in his preface; so, probably, he does not read reviews of his work. Had this been otherwise, we might have pleaded with him to give us something which we have not had so often before—to let the public have a chance of laughing at something a little newer. Mr. Jerome has a reputation for talent and cleverness, and could possibly do it, if he only knew that it was wanted.

In "Three Weeks at Mopetown" Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has written a satirical sketch of life in a "Hydro." His satire would be more telling if there were more characters in it who were not deserving of satire. There is not enough contrast and relief. Nearly everyone in the book is mean, sordid, or ridiculous. The humour is of the old-fashioned kind, with a tendency to exaggeration and caricature. The story contains some good and amusing situations, but one wears a little of reading of so many painful people. Had the sketch been made more pleasing, it would have lost none of its force—indeed, it would have gained in verisimilitude and conviction. Laura Engel, the heroine, is attractive enough, but she alone does not make the average right. Among so many people we are sure that the average would not have been so low.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE three monthlies which are generally considered to stand like a triumvirate at the head of magazine literature have each an article on Australia. In the *Fortnightly* Sir G. Baden-Powell, discussing the "Credit of Australasia," is not dismayed by the hoarse voice of the prophets who give the financial collapse in the Argentine Republic for a sign; nor yet by the display of the seamy side of Australian life which his friend, Mr. J. W. Fortescue, recently made in the *Nineteenth Century*. The failures of Victoria and Queensland to place new loans in the London market are, in his opinion, of the most wholesome character, and should do much to sustain the credit of Australia in the matter of the existing loans, because it is now above all cavil that the Australasian Colonies will not have the opportunity of borrowing beyond certain specified limits. As for Mr. Fortescue's seamy side, what else can you expect? Sir George says practically: Superfine cloth won't turn, but no one has any right to say on that account that it hasn't a nap. The stuff of which Australian finance is made up is sound, durable, and extremely useful both to Australasia and the Mother Country. Mr. G. H. Reid, an M.P. of New South Wales, reviews in the *Nineteenth Century* the proceedings of the National Australian Convention, and points out to "men gifted with

high intelligence and soaring aspirations," who may be impatient for greater things, that the triumphs of development which distinguish the history of Australia have been achieved under separate government. When a Ministerial grandee dilates upon a "commonwealth of Australia," and the strength and dignity that spring from national life and an equal place in the "family of nations," and yearns for a flag, an army, and a fleet, the average Australian tax-payer is apt to speculate on the cost of all this greatness; and Mr. G. H. Reid, knowing how easily the greatest of all democratic confederations has degenerated into a vast organisation of political "bossdom" and "party spoils," looks on the "one people one destiny" theory with some misgiving, and whispers a cautious *festina lente*. Sir Henry Parkes himself writes of the "Union of the Australias" in the *Contemporary*. Sir John Macdonald, Mr. S. B. Boulton reminds us in a personal reminiscence of the late Canadian Premier in the *Nineteenth Century*, achieved Canadian Federation in spite of the croaking of the highest and most respectable authorities. Sir Henry Parkes is bent on a similar triumph; like the famous Canadian statesman, he regards the federation of the groups of Colonial States as a step towards something greater, and sees with a prophet's eye Australia occupying a grand place in the mighty family of incorporated Free States, and in possession of a plenitude of authority and happiness of which the poet has never dreamed. Another writer on Sir John Macdonald, Mr. J. G. Colmer, in the *Fortnightly*, recalls his fine description of his own endeavour to make Canada "the right arm of England and a powerful auxiliary to the Empire," and we know that the "something greater" which Sir John had in view was Imperial Federation; but what is this "mighty family of incorporated free states" which looms on Sir Henry Parkes' horizon? It is well that there are men like Mr. G. H. Reid at hand to throw water on the glowing wheels.

This business of Imperial Federation is becoming more and more a subject of speculative interest. It is discussed by Mr. William Lobbun in the *Westminster Review*; and Professor Cyril Ransome in "Wanted: A Statesman," in the *Contemporary*, expounds a plan for its realisation feasible at least on paper. Professor Ransome proposes a variety of changes, some of which are eminently rational. Nobody, at any rate, will be likely to quarrel with his general position, that the utilising of the present machinery of government for the purpose of creating a truly Imperial organisation is a consummation devoutly to be wished. To carry the traditions and prestige of the ancient House of Commons into another which, with no break of continuity, should take up the work of the old; and to carry out a reorganisation of our constitution which, while fully adapted to our present requirements, should be in the strictest sense a logical development from the history of the past, are, indeed, problems well worthy the attention of statesmen.

Reform seems to be in the air in minor matters as well as in these great Imperial and Constitutional questions. Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster points out in the *Nineteenth Century* "How to Utilise the Naval Volunteers." There are a hundred "first-class torpedo boats" stored up in our dockyards, because they have become practically obsolete owing to changes in naval construction. Let them be given to the naval volunteers as a step towards providing all our great seaports and watering-places with thoroughly efficient torpedo boats, and thus secure us against the possibility of a hostile raid, and leave our fleets free to devote themselves to aggressive warfare on the high seas or on the enemy's coasts. General Sir George Chesney, also in the *Nineteenth Century*, finds the key to the proper organisation of the War Department within itself; all that requires to be done is to make somebody really responsible—as simple and effective a plan to place the egg on end as one could wish.

The most interesting contributions to literary criticism are Mr. Andrew Lang's essay on Browning in the *Contemporary*, and Mr. Lewis Morris's "Thoughts on Modern Poetry" in *Murray's Magazine*. There is also a very good introduction to Browning in the *Monthly Packet*. Good literary articles are to be found in many of the other magazines, notably on Gordon, the Australian poet, by Arthur P. Martin, in *Murray's*; on the "Poet of the Klephts," by Rennell Rodd, in the *Nineteenth Century*; and on Guy de Maupassant, by Madame Blaze de Bury, in the *New Review*.

As usual, there is abundance of reminiscential and biographical matter. We have already referred to two notices of Sir John Macdonald. Laurence Oliphant has the place of honour in *Blackwood*, and his relation to Harris is discussed by Mrs. Phillips in the *National Review*, her object being to rescue the name of an honest, God-loving seer from the cruel charge of being an impostor. We are afraid it is too late in the day to regard a professed seer as being other than a fool or a rogue. Sir Richard Burton and John Murray are discussed in *Temple Bar*; Lord Wolseley concludes his papers on Sherman in the *United Service Magazine*; there is a capital study of Pasquale di Paoli by Walter F. Lord in the *Nineteenth Century*; and no less than four biographical articles in the *London Quarterly*.

Symposia continue to hold their own in the magazines. Education is the subject of a two-handed talk in the *Contemporary* and the *New Review*; and the "Science of the Drama" is discussed in the latter by Messrs. Jones and Grundy. Mr. Jones reveals his aims in the brief reply he made to a lady who said, "I place the stage next to the church." "Why put it second?" queried he whom the profane ones of the Savage Club call "Jones the Evangelist." Sydney Grundy welcomes what he calls the New Criticism, for although in the meantime it seems inclined to give exclusively to Ibsen what was meant for the drama, he expects it to help the playwrights to a greater elasticity, a wider scope, and a larger opportunity than they have yet enjoyed.

The anonymous political article in the *National*, entitled, "Five Years of Resolute Government," is about as weak as it can be. The writer bases his opinion that possibly Home Rule may have no place in the programme which will be presented when the Gladstonians come into their own again on the authority of a document entitled "What the Liberals Propose to Do," and which makes not the slightest allusion to Home Rule. This leaflet, which bourgeons into a "document" in the eyes of the Tory writer, was drawn up by some of the stannest Home Rulers in the kingdom, and was intended to give the general Liberal programme in addition to Home Rule, which was dealt with separately.

Literary articles on nature and natural history will be found in *Longman's*, the *Contemporary*, and the *Gentleman's*, although Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Woodlands," in the *Nineteenth Century*, is as statistical as the article which follows it, "A Fair Taxation of Ground-rents," by Robert Hunter. There are travel and descriptive articles enough and to spare, half of the contents of the *English Illustrated* being of this nature. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's sketch in the *Contemporary*, though overdone with mannerism, is as vigorous, and in parts as brilliant and subtle, as his best work. Mr. Harris's second story in the *Fortnightly* is conventional and tedious. "To-day in Morocco," in the *National*, is a most interesting sketch of that country by Captain Rolleston, one of the few authorities on the subject in the country. Of unclassifiable articles, the ablest are "The Re-discovery of the Unique" (*Fortnightly*), by H. G. Wells; "A Labour Inquiry" (*Nineteenth*), by H. H. Champion; and the first of Mrs. Lynn Linton's papers on "The Wild Woman" (*Nineteenth*). Mrs. Lynn Linton has been called a misogynist; her bitterest enemy should hardly dare to do so again after this fearless, most aggressive, but yet most womanly deliverance on "Women as Politicians."

MEXICO.

MEXICO. By Susan Hale. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1891.

THE authoress (we do not know whether she is Miss or Mrs.) of this volume of "The Story of the Nations" makes no pretence to be critical. She takes Mexican history and Mexican legend as she finds them, and patches so much of them together as she thinks will make a readable story. The often-told story of Toltec and Aztec, Chicimic and Maya, is once more marshalled before us. Montezuma and Cortes, Tezucuo, Mechoacin, and Tlascalla, and other familiar-sounding names, are revived amid their well-known surroundings. A fair picture of the Mexican tableland, with its picturesque mountains and its broadening plains, is given us; with the usual information about the three zones of temperature. The old legends as to the origin of the various peoples who raised the buildings, the ruins of which yet puzzle the archæologist, are retold with evident enthusiasm; the tragical story of the princes of Mexico, the atrocities committed by the Spanish invaders, the long period of misrule under the Viceroy, the revolutions which upset the old Spanish dominion, the chequered independence which followed, the French intervention, the tragedy of Maximilian, and the efforts after stable government which followed; all the long story is fairly well told by the author, and is sure to interest those who are unfamiliar with Mexican history. The book, on the whole, gives a fair impression of what is known of Mexico, and the author warns the reader that much of it cannot be accepted as history. Indeed, until we know more of the strange alphabet of the numerous monuments which dot the country—and we are only on the threshold of interpretation—we must admit that our knowledge of Mexican history before the Spanish conquest is little better than guess-work. The author tries to forecast the future of Mexico, and no doubt very earnest efforts have been made in recent years to deal fairly with creditors and to promote the industrial development of the country. But with the examples of two such apparently prosperous and firmly established countries before our eyes as the Argentine and Chile, who can prophesy what a day may bring forth among the Spanish republics of America?

A DICTIONARY AND AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. xxvii. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New edition. Vol. vii. Maltebrun to Pearson. London and Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers.

VOL. XXVII. of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is more varied in character than some of its predecessors, there being no long sets of sovereigns or of families chiefly conspicuous as soldiers or seamen. At the same time there are few names absolutely of the first class, the most famous being two comparable in nothing but fame—Hogarth and Hooker. The life of the former has been written by Mr. Austin Dobson at considerable but not undue length, with all the minute elaboration of nice investigation, which, had not the writer accustomed us to it, we should have been far from expecting from a graceful poet. Mr. Sidney Lee displays equal diligence in his treatment of Richard Hooker, and enters particularly into the question of the interpolations in the last three books of the Ecclesiastical Polity. The sixth book, he says, is compiled from notes prepared by Hooker himself, but not intended for this work. The curious anecdote of the destruction of Hooker's MS. sermons after his death from their illegibility is not mentioned. Two other famous Churchmen are fully treated—Hoadly and Horsley—and, considering that the article in each case proceeds from an opponent, the candour displayed is very creditable. More, however, should have been said of Hoadly's remarkable advance upon his time, and the obloquy he incurred for opinions, rather, however, in politics than in theology, now regarded as maxims. Still more interesting are Miss Agnes Clerke's admirable notices of two great scientific geniuses—Robert Hooke, who "divined before Newton the true doctrine of universal gravitation, but wanted the mathematical ability to demonstrate it," and Jeremiah Horrocks, "whose genius was akin, and certainly not inferior, to that of Kepler." Hobbes, by Mr. Leslie Stephen, is also a very important article; and Hinton, Hobhouse, Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, Francis and Leonard Horner, Hood the admiral and Hood the poet, Hook the humorist and Hook the Churchman, may be named among a crowd of minor personages, few wholly without interest. We have noticed two curious clerical errors. *Gallomania*, on page 93, is a palpable slip of the pen for *Gallophobia*; and *Horse Guards*, on page 48, for *House of Lords*.

The high character of Chambers's Encyclopædia can only be exalted by the present excellent volume. It is everywhere copious, unpretending, and accurate. The high literary reputation of some of the contributors has not rendered them unobservant of the time and limits proper to a practical work of this description. Among the more important articles may be named Painting, by Mr. Hamerton; Palæography, by Canon Taylor; Music, by Mr. F. Peterson; Mythology, by Mr. F. B. Jevons; Numismatics, by Dr. B. V. Head; and Morea, by the Rev. J. S. Black.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

MR. OSMUND AIRY has compiled with creditable industry a "Text-Book of English History from the Earliest Times" for the use of colleges and schools. The arrangement of the contents is judicious and sound, and the volume fairly well covers the wide field of investigation suggested by the title-page. In a few introductory pages the Roman military occupation between the years B.C. 55 and A.D. 407 is described, and then Mr. Airy indicates the characteristics of Saxon England, the nature of the struggle against feudalism, and the circumstances which led to the Hundred Years' War. The strife of the rival Houses of Lancaster and York, the despotism of the throne in the age of the Tudors, the fierce conflict between the rights of Parliament and the claims of prerogative in the seventeenth century, the "new monarchy" which began with William and Mary and ended with George III., and the dawn of political and social reform in the reign of his successor, naturally form the chief landmarks in this lucid and well-informed summary of the facts and forces which have shaped the course of subsequent events in the Victorian era. Mr. Airy has done well to call the special attention of young students to the causes of the Peasants' Revolt, the origin and significance of the Reformation, the French Revolution and its influence over English society, the growth of our Colonial Empire, and the economic problems which have come up for solution with the altered condition of the industrial classes. Elaborate descriptions of military campaigns, and even decisive battles, have been wisely omitted in order to do something like justice to these and kindred points which intimately touch the life and thought of modern England. Amongst the authorities whom Mr. Airy cites in foot-notes—which lend a special value to the book—are Hallam, Freeman, Stubbs, Mahon, Carlyle, Lecky, and Walpole; he also acknowledges the "occasional advice and help" which Mr. S. R. Gardiner has given him in the preparation of this useful, though hardly brilliant, compendium.

At first sight, it seems rather a risky experiment to republish at this time of day a course of lectures, delivered as far back as the spring of 1848, on such a subject as "Popular Astronomy." Science has made vast strides in the last forty years; indeed, in many departments it has been completely revolutionised. Discoveries, and some of them of the greatest moment, have been made in astronomy within that period, and they have, of course, been duly indicated in successive editions of Sir George Biddell Airy's fascinating and singularly clear exposition of the outlines of the abstruse science to which he has devoted a long and distinguished life. This new and welcome issue of an authoritative, as well as popular, book bears marks of still further revision, though Mr. Turner—the Chief Assistant at Greenwich Observatory—has used his editorial functions sparingly, and has done so from the avowed conviction that a work which has stood the test of time so well is "more easily damaged than improved." Where, however, alterations have been rendered necessary by the progress of astronomical research, the altered statements are placed within square brackets. We are glad to think that so excellent a book has taken a new lease of life.

Amongst "Companion Poets" George Wither rightly holds an honoured place, and Mr. Morley has, therefore, done well to include a selection from the poems of that old English worthy in his quaintly named series of pocket-volumes. Like many other genuine poets, Wither wrote a good deal of verse which merits the oblivion which has overtaken it; he was a voluminous author, and some of his effusions were clearly uninspired. On the whole, Mr. Morley has made in this dainty volume an admirable selection, though the devotional poems of "honest George," as Richard Baxter termed the author of the "Hymnes and Songs of the Church," are rather sparingly represented. No one, however, can seriously quarrel with a book which opens with so beautiful a poem as "Faith's Virtue," and which includes the pastoral eclogues written when Wither was a prisoner in the Marshalsea—the due reward of "Abuses Stript and Whipt"—and to which he gave the name of "The Shepherd's Hunting."

* TEXT-BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. By Osmund Airy, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Sixteen Maps. Post 8vo. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. (1s. 6d.)

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. A series of lectures delivered at Ipswich by Sir George Biddell Airy, K.C.B. Revised by H. H. Turner, M.A., B.Sc. Seventh edition. Foolscap 8vo. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. (4s. 6d.)

POEMS BY GEORGE WITHER. Edited, with an introduction, by Henry Morley, LL.D. Companion Poets. 12mo. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. (1s. 6d.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: a History. By Thomas Carlyle. Illustrated. The Minerva Library of Famous Books. Edited by G. T. Bettany, M.A. London, New York and Melbourne: Ward, Lock & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s.)

THE LITTLE MANX NATION. By Hall Caine. London: William Heinemann. Crown 8vo. (Paper covers, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.)

POWER THROUGH REPOSE. By Annie Payson Call. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Company, Limited. 12mo. (3s. 6d.)

STORIES OF OLD NEW SPAIN. By Thomas A. Janvier, author of "Color Stories," "The Aztec Treasure House," etc. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

The biographical introduction—even when the scale of the book is taken into consideration—is somewhat meagre, and the quality, of it, in our opinion, is hardly more satisfactory than the quantity.

Carlyle's "French Revolution" has just been added to the "Minerva Library of Famous Books." Mr. Bettany's introduction is brief but excellent. He reminds us of the bewilderment of the critics when the book appeared, and he is responsible for the statement that Southey was so appreciative that he read it six times over in his enthusiasm. A welcome addition to a remarkably cheap and, on the whole, an admirably selected group of books.

Mr. Hall Caine writes with considerable vigour and picturesque charm concerning "The Little Manx Nation." Into a volume of scarcely more than a hundred and fifty pages he has packed, with practised literary art, the salient events, incidents, and characteristics of the strange romantic history of ten centuries. The annals of Manxland fall into three periods: the era of Celtic rule, then the Norse supremacy, and finally the period of English supremacy—in fact, "Manx history is the history of surrounding nations. We have no Sagas of our own heroes. The Sagas are all of our conquerors. Save for our first three hundred recorded years, we have never been masters in our own house." The curious story of the Athol Dynasty is told with a good deal of humour by Mr. Caine—indeed, the book throughout is full of vivacity. The Isle of Man, we are assured, is not now what it was even five-and-twenty years ago; Mr. Caine frankly says that it has become "too English of late." Esplanades and iron piers, marine carriage drives, and other traces of the invader are only too apparent, and fairy glens seem all too likely to be transformed into "happy day" Roshervilles. It is the old lament, but there is a touch of ehurlishness about it, even though Mr. Caine pulls himself up to exclaim, "God forbid that I should grudge the factory-hand his breath of the sea and glimpse of the gorse-bushes." A pleasant book, clever and unconventional, and with plenty of fancy as well as no lack of facts.

"Power through Repose" is a title which half suggests a volume of sermons. It belongs, however, to a little book which discusses the conservation of nervous force, and the best methods of securing, amid the wear and tear of modern life, that equipoise of mind and body which is only another name for health. Miss Payson Call is an American lady with ideas, but whether she was born to set the world right on the question which she deals with in these pages is quite another matter. Nevertheless, she writes sensibly, and points out with clearness and force the rise and progress of many forms of nervous prostration and overwork which often last for years before health is irretrievably lost. Her theory can hardly be stated with justice in a few words, but one of the chief ideas of the book is that rest must be complete when taken, and must balance the effort in work. Recreation as well as physical repose is, of course, included in the kind of rest on which a wise emphasis is placed in this suggestive, rather than practical, book. Nervous patients are not uncommon on this side of the Atlantic, but in the United States they appear to be still more plentiful; indeed, a German physician in practice in New York, bewildered by the variety and frequency of the malady, has, we believe, coined a generic term to cover the different phases of the disorder, and hence it has come to pass that "Americanitis" has found its way at least into partial acceptance as a word which describes a certain class of difficult patients.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Janvier's previous works—and notably "The Aztec Treasure House"—are sure to turn with interest to his sheaf of "Stories of Old New Spain." The book is concerned in part with the shadowy time when the Spanish viceroys were the rulers of Mexico, and partly with life in that sunny land in a later age. The nine stories of which the volume consists are of unequal merit; but if anyone is sceptical as to the charm of Mexican romance when subjected to deft literary handling, let him read "San Antonio of the Gardens," or the exquisite little sketch of "Nanita: a Typical Daughter of the Soil."

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